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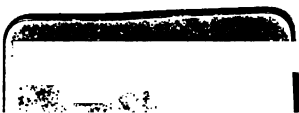
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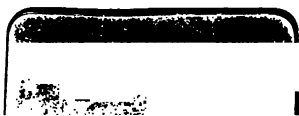
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# NÖDDEBO PARSONAGE.

*A Story of Country Life in Denmark.*

BY HENRIK SCHARLING.

FROM THE DANISH.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "THE GUARDIAN."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:  
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.  
1867.

*250. b. 299.*





A NEW YEAR'S VISIT  
TO  
NÖDDEBO PARSONAGE.

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CHAPTER I.

THOU sweet, quiet Parsonage, accept my hearty greeting! As the modest night-violet hides itself amidst the tall luxuriant grass, so thou hidest thyself behind the mighty beech-trees' shady leaves, and the wayfarer can only catch a glimpse of thy white walls peeping forth from among the green foliage. He passes thee carelessly by, for he knows not what treasures thou

dost conceal beneath thy hospitable roof.  
But I know it, and I know thee !

I have come to thee on the hot summer's day, when the sun's burning rays fell with overpowering force upon the dusty high-road, and every blade of grass seemed gasping for a cooling drop of rain. Weary and worn out was I; but within thy walls I found shade and shelter. The daughters met me with a pleasant welcome, while the mother handed me the much-needed refreshing draught. And I have come to thee on the dismal, dark winter's day, when mist and gloom reigned over field and meadow, and mist and gloom reigned over my thoughts; but within thy walls I found a summer atmosphere and summer gladness; and, like a strong north wind, the good pastor's pleasant chat dispelled the sombre, heavy mood.

Therefore, I thank thee, and bring thee my hearty greetings! Were I far away, I should not forget thee; were I wandering amidst the relics of Hella's faded glory, I should remember thee; if I stood in the Pharaohs' ancient land, thy low roof, with its white chimneys, would rise higher in my thoughts than the highest pramidys of Egypt!

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This is the overture; but it is not my composition: it is *the Old Man's*. The matter stands thus: when I had spent the last half of my Christmas vacation at Nöddebo Parsonage, I took it into my head to write down what had happened while I was there; and when I had written it down, I fancied I would like to have it printed; for this always follows. Step by step one proceeds on the broad road to


destruction, until, at last, one ends by becoming an author. Nevertheless, I felt myself, that it was a very daring step I was about to take, and I determined to hear first what Corpus Juris would say to my project.

The said Corpus Juris is a great critic, and if he approved of my plan, I might venture to be tolerably easy about the ultimate success of my book. I wrote the first part of it very carefully, that there should not be a single crooked line in the manuscript to give him cause for finding fault, and then I handed it to him, telling him at the same time my plan. Corpus Juris took the manuscript: two whole days passed without his saying anything about it. I do not believe that Noah could have awaited more anxiously the return of his dove than I awaited the return of my book; but I did not dare to ask any question about it.

On the third day Corpus Juris held out my manuscript to me, and said—

“Well, there is so much trash published now-a-days, that you may have yours also printed.”

This was not very encouraging to a young author, and I was none the wiser for his opinion. I resolved therefore to appeal to the highest authority, that is to say to ask the Old Man for his verdict. The Old Man was more humane in his sentence on my production ; he said that there was a great deal that was good in the book, but it was evident that the author was very juvenile and inexperienced. This might be met by a confession of his youth printed on the title page, and then people would see that they had not much to expect, and if they chose to buy the book, they would have only themselves to blame.




The Old Man added, that as he was mentioned in the book, he would write a short introduction to it, like a kind of overture. I was much alarmed at this proposition, for I was dubious how the overture might sound, but I was obliged to indulge his whim. The introduction stands now there; and when it has been read, and my book is read directly after, the reader will be somewhat surprised, as surprised as he would be after hearing the overture of Hakon Jarl,\* to see a pantomime. For if the tones of the harp awakened by the Old Man were full of deep feeling, the tones drawn from them by me are gay and light. If any one expects to find psychological researches, events from the history of the world, or perhaps demoniacal thoughts here, he will be greatly disappointed.

\* Hakon Jarl, a tragedy by Adam Oehlenschläger.

There is nothing demoniacal either in me or in my book, but as the juggler pleases to say when he is shewing off his tricks—it is all quite natural. No—there is nothing sensational in my book, and the principal fault Corpus Juris found with it was, that there was not enough of action in it: but the Old Man replied, that this was in the nature of the subject, for a parsonage was not a scene for a great five act drama, only for a little Idyl; in a parsonage there are no startling events—life passes quietly. It was a good remark of the Old Man's. And in my book there are no startling events, every thing goes on quietly; just like a story told among a circle of friends on a dark winter afternoon, when the words sound like the murmuring of a rivulet, this will be the style of my narration, and if any of my audience fall asleep—well, let them, sleep and—dream!



But who is the Old Man, and who is Corpus Juris? Ah—I had quite forgotten to tell this; they are my two elder brothers. Of course they were not baptized “Old Man” and “Corpus Juris,” but I have bestowed these names upon them, because I considered that these appellations suited them capitally. We are three brothers—the Old Man, Corpus Juris, and I, Nicolai, who am eighteen years of age, and a student of theology, that is to say, intending to be one, at present I am only a freshman. I am of a cheerful disposition, and I do not see any reason for calling this world a vale of tears. Corpus Juris is of opinion that I might have much reason to do so, if I were only of a more serious character, but, notwithstanding my eighteen years I was a mere child in every thing, and ought to be ashamed of it too; on the other hand the



Old Man thinks that I am perfectly right, for in many respects it is well to preserve a childlike mind as long as possible. After all, I must say in the Old Man's praise, that he is much more humane than Corpus Juris, although he did delay for days to pronounce judgment upon my book.

The Old Man is my eldest brother, his real name is Christopher, but I have christened him *the Old Man*; in the first place because he is a candidate of theology, and it appears to me that all candidates of theology have a certain old-fashioned manner about them: it is just as if one could perceive the germs of dignity attendant on deep learning already beginning to sprout out, and unfold themselves. In the next place, he is my tutor to be, for, as yet, I have not decided upon studying theology. Lastly, as the eldest of the family, he is the

greatest authority at home. To him all matters of doubt are referred, and his decision is law, it is never changed. With regard to his disposition, I might almost believe, that the Old Man is phlegmatic, it is possible, however, that I may be wronging him, for in many respects he is an enigma to me, whom I have never succeeded in quite making out.

*Corpus Juris* is my second eldest brother, and is called Frederick ; he is, as his nickname intimates, a lawyer, and he is a lawyer every inch of him ; and herewith I have said all that can be brought forward in his praise as well as against him. He is decidedly choleric, there can be no doubt of this fact : *fiat justitia, pereat mundus*, that is his motto. When I see his firm, determined step, I fancy I behold the living image of Christian the Fifth, marching past me.

The Old Man is twenty-four years of age, and Corpus Juris twenty-three. Last year they both passed their Embedsexamen,\* and yet neither of them are betrothed.

“And unbetrothed they will remain,” said I often to myself, “for, when a person is twenty-four years of age, and has passed his Embedsexamen, of what else in the world has he got to think?”

I worried myself very much about all this, for, having no sister, I wish at any rate, to have a sister-in-law, but where is she to come from, since my brothers will not engage themselves?

Once—it was an evening in autumn—we had drunk our tea, and were preparing to betake ourselves to our habitual evening

\* Embedsexamen, is the third and last examination which Danish students have to pass at the university, before they can enter upon any office, or employment.—*Trans.*

occupations—Corpus Juris was in an unusually good humour—I let a few words fall to the effect that I thought it was high time that they should both think of marrying, but the Old Man answered very quietly—

“That is a matter which you do not understand, Nicolai.”

At which I was so abashed, that I was instantly silent, and have never since again ventured to allude to the subject.

As far as I myself am concerned, I dare not betroth myself when a student, for the Old Man has over and over said, that is the most unfortunate thing a young man can do. But I have promised myself the same day on the forenoon of which I go up for my Embedsexamen, I will sally forth in the afternoon and engage myself, for I am assuredly not going to remain an old bachelor, like my two elder brothers.

We three brothers are the sons of a Herredsfoged\* in Jutland. Six years ago the Old Man and Corpus Juris came to Copenhagen, to study, and last year they passed their Embedsexamen. In summer I joined them here, and am still so completely charmed with all the magnificence which I see, that, although I have been in the capital already five months, I can pass the whole day in staring at the large houses, the splendid shops, and the crowd of human beings, in consequence of which Corpus Juris declares I might be taken for a peasant boy, but never for a student.

We live at the corner of Vestergade and Vestervold, on the fifth floor, or, more commonly speaking, in the garret. I am very well pleased that we live so high up,

\* Herredsfoged. The judge of a district.

for one has a beautiful view over the ramparts, and when the Old Man and Corpus Juris are out, I can seat myself across the window-sill, with one leg resting upon the roof, and, gazing up into the clear blue sky, can outvie the birds in singing, without anybody requesting me to be silent. Corpus Juris is also satisfied with our accommodation. The exercise of going up and down so many steps is good for the health, he says, it saves a person no end of time, which would else be wasted in walking every day. The Old Man finally opines that it is all the same to him, whether he resides in a cellar or in a garret, so long as he gains a reputation, and has a place to live in.

As far as our household arrangements are concerned, we divide them between us; the Old Man, being the eldest, is answerable

for everything, which, in reality, means to say, that he answers for nothing. He is not in the least practical, and as he is almost always entirely wrapped up in his own thoughts, he is totally unfit for the affairs of this world; in truth, therefore, Corpus Juris is the chief manager; the relations existing between the Old Man and Corpus Juris are like those which ought to be in every happy marriage. The husband is the head of the establishment, but the wife is the one to superintend, and order everything. I must say, however, when occasionally the Old Man does, as it were, wake up, and say how he will have anything done, he has his own way, it is of no consequence how much Corpus Juris may have to say against it. I, as the youngest, have, of course, no voice in anything, I have not even the privilege of



praising or criticising, without Corpus Juris giving me to understand that I am far too great a nonentity to dare to give my opinion on any subject. The care of our spiritual life is also divided between us. The Old Man takes charge of our religious concerns in the literal sense of the word, in as far as he is very strict in insisting upon our going to church every Sunday, and every Saint's day, likewise he reads the prayer-book aloud daily, as we were accustomed to do at home in my father's house. The æsthetics are consigned to me, if we may consider an æsthetic life, now driving freely and unrestricted about the streets and lanes, amidst the busy crowds of people, and rejoicing at the sight of the numerous modes of existence that are to be met with in every direction, now standing staring out of the ,'

window, building castles in the air, by the grey autumn sky.

Corpus Juris is taken up with politics; that is to say, he reads the newspapers every day, and communicates their contents to us, along with a learned discourse how there can be no doubt, within a very short time, affairs must take such and such a turn. Both the news and his remarks are very advantageous to the Old Man and myself, as neither of us ever read the newspaper: I have no time for it; for when every day is taken up attending lectures and studying whether in college or at home, preparing for the labours of the next day, how can a person possibly find time to read the newspapers? The Old Man does not read them on principle, and this gives rise to hot disputes between him and Corpus Juris. The latter devotes an hour every morning

to his breakfast and studying *Dagbladet*,\* and reading this has a decidedly exhilarating effect upon him; before then he is very chary of his words, and unapproachable, whereas, after spelling the newspaper through, he is the most social and pleasant of individuals. From his earliest youth the Old Man has thought that newspapers serve only to waste people's time; in olden days, he says, people both wrote and read big works, now-a-days books are not cared for, merely because there are the journals to be read.

*Corpus Juris*, on the contrary, extols the newspapers as highly as if all spiritual blessings proceeded from them. Which of them may be right I do not pretend to know; however, I believe that the Old Man is rather narrow-minded, for it is my

\* *Dagbladet* is a popular newspaper in Copenhagen.

opinion the distinction between now-a-days and formerly consists solely that the public, who now read only newspapers, read in olden days literally nothing. Added to this, though Corpus Juris is a most determined politician, the Old Man is no politician at all; Christopher declares that the main point is, to be good Christians, and if we have attained that, it is quite a matter of indifference, whether the friends of the peasants or the professor's party has the upper hand.

Of course this difference of opinion between him and Corpus Juris gives rise to frequent disputes, which generally take place at the dinner table; I have often observed that people are mostly disposed to dispute at the dinner table; in the morning and in the evening persons are more accommodating and yielding, but at

dinner time they will not depart a hair's breadth from their opinion. I leave it to psychologists to determine the reason of this, but opportunities will not be wanting to convince every one of the truth of my remark.

With this one exception, we live together in brotherly unanimity, as is meet and fitting; occasionally it happens that I cannot any longer suppress the exuberance of my spirits, and I am forced to give vent to it by humming a song, which I learned in my boyhood, a fragment of a Norwegian sailor's ditty, which I once heard them singing down at the custom-house :

" From land slowly steer—from land slowly steer,  
The maidens of Bergen will soon appear ;  
Ohi, ohoi !—ohi, ohoi !"

Whereupon the Old Man will lift his ma-

jestic head from his book, and say, "Silence, Nicolai!" or else, in my wrath and exasperation at not being able to understand the elementary course of some science, I sketch the professor of philosophy hanging upon a gallows, which brings down upon me a severe lecture from Corpus Juris, who considers it highly improper to draw one of the professors of the university in such a position, and therein I must admit he is right—such slight collisions we often have, but they are invariably quickly over, and therefore I count them as nothing.

## CHAPTER II.

It was a Tuesday afternoon in the Christmas holidays ; the two first Christmas days were past. It was almost four o'clock ; twilight was approaching, every object was beginning to assume that uncertain, misty appearance, which would lead one to fancy that they were about to dissolve into darkness, and remain thus.

The Old Man was reclining upon the sofa in the most obscure part of the room ; he could only be recognized by two light

patches, his collar and his face ; all the rest, by reason of the darkness, blended into one with the sofa. The Old Man was absorbed in his own thoughts—the state in which he most delighted to be ; his pipe had gone out for the third time ; the Old Man likes to have his pipe in his mouth, for he says, one thinks so much better then ; but the moment he begins to think, out goes his pipe, and it has to be lighted again ; therefore, I am convinced that he spends much more money in matches than in tobacco. As I have just said, the Old Man was reclining upon the sofa ; Corpus Juris was seated in a rocking-chair, with all the newspapers of the past year before him, and was evidently enjoying the remembrance of the happy morning hours that the reading of them had procured for him. I was standing at the window, look-



ing up into the dark violet skies, behind which the sun was going down, and was softly drumming upon the panes of glass:

From land slowly steer—from land slowly steer,  
The maidens of Bergen will soon appear;  
Ohi, ohoi!—ohi, ohoi!

Suddenly the Old Man said: "I say, Frederick, shall we take Nicolai with us to Nöddebo to-morrow?"

"I don't believe Nicolai has any money," replied Corpus Juris.

It was as clear as the sun that I could have no money, unless I had stolen some from Corpus Juris: the twenty-seventh of the month, how was it possible to have a farthing in one's pocket?

"If Nicolai has not the means," said the Old Man, "I will pay the expenses of his journey for him."

I was completely astonished at this

liberality on the Old Man's part, it came so suddenly upon me.

"Nobody expects him out there, it may be inconvenient to receive him," suggested Corpus Juris.

"It is never inconvenient to receive any one at Nöddebo Parsonage, least of all one of my father's sons."

Now I was quite convinced that I should accompany them to Nöddebo, no matter what Corpus Juris might say, for it was evident the Old Man had made up his mind to take me.

"But Nicolai's wardrobe is not in order," urged Corpus Juris, who did not seem willing to give in.

"We will lend him some of ours then," answered the Old Man ; and that settled the question.

Sincerely speaking, I must, however, con-

fess, that I am not so wonderfully anxious to go to Nöddebo.

The Parsonage of Nöddebo is situated two miles from Roskildé, upon the banks of Roskildé Fiord, and the clergyman was a friend of my father's in his youth. The Old Man and Corpus Juris spent their last two summer holidays there, and have likewise paid the family frequent visits in the autumn. I have never been to Nöddebo, and have no particular wish to go there, for whenever I question the Old Man as to the curiosities out yonder, he answers that the parson has an excellent library; and if I ask Corpus Juris, I receive the same reply, which astonishes me not a little, for he is no very enthusiastic theologian; but he also says that the library is especially well provided with books on canon law. After having made various other enquiries, and

never obtaining any other answer except about the library, Nöddebo Parsonage was, at length, only associated in my mind with the idea that there was nothing else to be done out there but to sit in the library, and study religious books from morning till night. As one can do that just as well at home, in Copenhagen, I did not consider it worth while to be dragged out there. But as the Old Man had proposed to pay my expenses, and as I did not see quite clearly what I was to do with myself the rest of the Christmas holidays, when both my brothers were away, I accepted the offer in the hope that I might perhaps also find something in the library which might possibly interest me individually.

So we set to work to pack our things, and when I saw portmanteaus brought forth upon the floor, I was seized with a violent

longing to go to Nöddebo; I can never see a portmanteau without wishing to start off on a journey.

The following morning we were awoke by a loud knocking at the door; it was the man who had come to take our luggage to the station. Corpus Juris was up by times.

"Bless me, it is more than a quarter to seven o'clock; get up, Christopher! get up, Nicolai!"

As far as I was concerned, I was more inclined to lay in my bed and sing, "From land slowly steer—from land slowly steer," but no sweet maiden came to my aid, and I was obliged to get out of my bed. In order thoroughly to awaken myself, and likewise to rouse the Old Man, I struck up with all my might in the language of the olden times—

"Ye Danish heroes, waken, wake!

And in your belts your sharp swords take!"

but was cut short abruptly by Corpus Juris exclaiming—

“Pshaw, stop that song, do ; it is totally out of place to begin at that work in the early morning hours !”

I was silenced, for I recollected that Corpus Juris had not yet read the newspaper, but I thought to myself as I sighed :

“Mercies, if they do not get the papers at Nöddebo Parsonage, what a bad humour Corpus Juris will be in the whole day long !”

If there only had been time I would gladly have searched for a few old papers, in order that he might, at least, have had them to spell over while there. But there was no time to be lost, we were obliged to dress ourselves in the greatest possible haste. Corpus Juris was already standing with his hand upon the door-handle, hurrying us ; there was scarcely time for the Old

Man to draw on his galoches, and take with him his indispensable umbrella. In his eagerness to be off, Corpus Juris managed to overturn an empty inkstand, and thereupon seized the opportunity to scold me for not having put ink into it for three whole days, a negligence which, under the present circumstances, ought really rather to have been appreciated. At length we started.

The instant we set foot upon the street, we encountered the cutting, cold wind—it was indeed regular Christmas weather; the sky was one sheet of dark blue, the moon had not yet disappeared, but still stood pale and frozen in the heavens, looking yellow and wan, like a person who has been carousing the live long night. The snow crackled beneath our feet, we ran more than we walked, but did however

arrive in time, though how we got the tickets, reached the carriage, and took our places, I must leave Corpus Juris to narrate, for he looked after all that: I only saw that there was a tremendous hurry-scurry all around; and I did not entirely come to myself until we had got to Valby.

During the railway journey itself, there was really nothing worth seeing, or relating. What can there be to relate respecting a railway journey?

We three brothers were alone in the carriage; the Old Man and Corpus Juris each placed themselves at a window, neither of them seemed to be in a particularly talkative mood. At Hedehusene a couple of new passengers entered our carriage, a young girl and her mother. The young girl had the most beautiful pair of light blue eyes that can be imagined, therefore I



naturally seated myself exactly opposite to her, and had the strongest desire to speak to her, but I did not think that was quite correct, considering that we were not in the least acquainted with each other. I therefore sat in perfect silence, gazing at her; I thought I might safely do that, until she suddenly raised her eyes and stared at me. I looked quite foolish, for she had, of course, remarked that I had been sitting gazing upon her. So I turned my eyes quickly to the window, but could easily perceive that she remained with her eyes fixed upon me. "If she can look at me, I may also look at her," thought I, glancing again towards her, but she instantly turned her gaze in the direction of the opposite window, just as if she had never noticed me. Thus for a while I could sit in peace watching her, until she once more glanced at me, when

I again looked out of the window. So we kept on darting discreet glances from the corner of our eyes the whole time, the one contemplating the other until the other observed it. And so on *vice versa* until we reached Roskildé. Here the mother got out, and the young girl followed her. As she was passing me I could not resist saying to her in an undertone—"Farewell." "Farewell," she repeated in so amiable a voice that I bitterly regretted not having spoken to her before. It was too late now: I could still discern her blue silk bonnet shining forth amidst the crowd of people.

We also now got out, and went forward to see if the clergyman's carriage were there—yes, it was waiting for us; on perceiving us the coachman got up, and while with one hand he kept a pair of spirited bays in

check, he tugged at his ponderous fur-cap with the other.

"Good day, Niels," cried Corpus Juris. "How are they all at the Parsonage?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, sir," answered Niels. "They have long been expecting you, gentlemen."

"That is the reason we have come three strong ; it never rains but it pours."

"Ah well," answered Niels, "it is rather unfortunate."

"Why so? Is there not room at the Parsonage?"

"Oh yes, there is room enough for twenty if it were wanted, but here is the carriage," and Niels looked round ruefully, "I have been making some purchases to-day, and—and—"

"If that's the only hindrance," I exclaimed, "we will soon settle the matter,

we will pile up the luggage at the back of the carriage, and I will place myself at the top of it."

"Yes, that's what we will do," cried Corpus Juris springing up; "come! look sharp!"

"We will first go and see the cathedral," said the Old Man calmly; "Nicolai has not yet seen it."

"He can easily go and see it another time, do not let us keep Niels waiting any longer."

"Nicolai *shall* see the cathedral," was the Old Man's answer. "Niels will wait a little longer for my sake."

"For my sake! ha, ha, ha! Perhaps you intend to study dates yonder?" said Corpus Juris, winking at the Old Man.

"Nicolai shall see the cathedral," repeated the Old Man, beginning himself to laugh, as

he put his arm into mine, whilst Corpus Juris sprang down again from the carriage to follow us.

As good luck would have it one of the doors of the cathedral was open, and we entered the sacred edifice. Corpus Juris conducted me round, pointing out and explaining everything to me. The Old Man on the contrary, who had undertaken to shew me the church, disappeared instantly ; probably he was off studying the dates. However I did not miss him, for I was totally engrossed with the grandeur and the beauty of everything I saw. I thought of all the celebrated men whose bones lie here : it seemed to me as if their spirits hovered around us amidst the quiet aisles, softly discoursing together upon the great achievements of past ages. Corpus Juris went on explaining and explaining, I listening the

while, until it seemed to me as if the mighty dead were standing living before me, as if I beheld kings clad in purple, and churchmen in their gorgeous robes, advancing towards us—I forgot Nöddebo, and myself, and everything, until Corpus Juris at length said :—

“ We really must not remain any longer.”

I felt as if I were awaking from a deep sleep. From bye-gone days I must bring myself back to the present time.

“ But where is Christopher ?” I asked.

“ Oh, he will make his appearance when he is ready.”

“ Has he really been studying dates all this time ?”

“ Yes, he has,” replied Corpus Juris smiling, “ you see he is interested in such things.”

“ Perhaps he is preparing a treatise on the subject ?”

"Yes, he is working with all his might at it," said Corpus Juris, with difficulty restraining his laughter. I looked at him with astonishment, but he ran from me to the Old Man, whose arm he took, and thus they proceeded back to the carriage, while I followed slowly after them, totally absorbed in reflecting upon all that I had seen and heard.

The next thing was to pack away in the carriage. The Old Man was to sit upon the front seat, by the side of Niels, Corpus Juris upon the other, next to a whole parcel of packages, heaped up, while I was to be perched at the back of the vehicle on top of the portmanteaus. Corpus Juris and I were soon seated, but not so the Old Man. He is no great hand at gymnastics: once or twice he sprang up as far as the wheel, but each time down he fell again. Corpus Juris

came to his assistance, and with their joint endeavours, they succeeded, at last, in breaking in two the back piece of the seat.

“I say, Christopher,” cried I, “let me sit by Niels, and you can take my place here upon the portmanteaus.” We made the exchange, and off we set at last.

When we had got outside the town, I keep constantly turning round to look at the cathedral, upon which all my thoughts were rivetted. Proudly it stood with its tall, straight spires, towering towards the blue sky, high above the crowd of small houses beneath. I glanced down into the carriage at my two brothers—there sat Corpus Juris leaning back, closely enveloped in his large travelling coat, his hat over his eyes just like a drunken man’s, neither his jaw nor his head to be seen, as if he were challenging the whole world to fight. Behind him



sat the Old Man upon the luggage, with his hands under his chin, thinking.

"How strange the Old Man is," I said to myself, "he is always thinking, thinking, thinking. What can he possibly have to think so much about? Perhaps he is reflecting upon the cathedral, and the dates which he has found there.

"Holloa, old man, are you at your thinking again?" cried Niels.

I was quite horrified that he presumed to address my brother in such an uncereemonious manner, but I soon discovered that he was speaking to one of the horses.

"Is he called *old man*?" I asked in astonishment.

"Yes, he is."

"How old is he then?"

"Oh, he is not so very old after all, but he is so lazy, so fond of thinking, especially

when he should be drawing the carriage; we must cure him of that though," and Niels slashed at him, cracking his whip, which made both the Old Man at the back of the carriage, and the old man in the front of it, to jump up in the air, and obliged the latter to increase his speed somewhat.

The conversation had arrived at that point where one should always begin with a coachman, I mean about the horses, but as I am no great connoisseur in horse flesh, I tried to turn off the conversation, and to gain some information about the Parsonage, which interested me much more.

"The clergyman is, I suppose, a very learned man?" I asked.

"Oh yes, may be he is."

"Has he a great many books?"

"Aye, that he has, and I can read."

(That was no reason why the library should be so exceedingly large.)

“But has he never been married?”

“Yes—why not?”

I was much surprised at this question, for I saw no reason why the clergyman should not be married.

Niels looked straight before him ; then he said : “clergymen are generally married.”

“Is your master married?” I cried.

“Has he any children?”

“Two daughters.”

Two daughters ! good gracious, the Old Man and Corpus Juris never spoke of them !

“Are they pretty?”

“Oh yes,” answered Niels with a cunning smile.

“And lively?”

“You will be able to see that yourself, Sir.”

Two daughters, pretty and lively, and yet the Old Man and Corpus Juris can go rummaging among the library and the books on ecclesiastical law! Ah, well, it was high time that I should go to Nöddebo to preserve the honor of our family, and to show that we are not all a set of book worms!

We drove past a small eminence, at the top of which was placed a seat, from which there was a splendid view over the Fiord. Whether it was the idea of the parson's daughters, or what was the cause I do not know—suffice it to say, all of a minute it appeared to me as if it had suddenly become warm, genial summer weather, with the bushes and trees on the summit of the hill in full leaf, bending their shady boughs over the seat, and upon the seat sat—I scarcely need to mention whom—with a young girl at his side; hand in hand they

sat now gazing out over the Fiord, whose soft murmuring waves were tinged with gold by the setting sun, now looking into each other's eyes, and——

“Stop, I wish to get out here,” cried Corpus Juris.

“What is the matter?” said the Old Man.  
“Perhaps you are going to study dates too?”

“Yes, certainly, certainly,” answered Corpus Juris, who with a couple of springs had reached the top of the eminence, where he carefully examined the bark of an old Linden tree, then down he came again, and our journey was continued. But I was out of spirits and angry, at having been interrupted in one of my most charming reveries, for which one might thank Apollo and all the nine muses, could it only come to pass—and why had I been interrupted? Just that

Corpus Juris might get out, and search for some old dates. I full well perceive that the neighbourhood of Roskildé is rich in old reminiscences, but are we only to live in bygone ages, and not at all for the present time! And ought the whole world to be one large book in which we are to be eternally reading about what our ancestors have done, whilst we entirely forget that we are now living, and it is the time for us to be up and doing? I fear they will be anything but pleasant days those we are to spend at Nöddebo—in all likelihood the whole time will be taken up dusting the ancient folios in the library!

Fortunately my thoughts soon reverted to the last subject upon which Niels and myself had been conversing, and I endeavoured to learn from Niels more about the young ladies. Niels, however, maintained

a most diplomatic silence, merely answering by monosyllables, or a peculiarly cunning smile, so that all I could elicit from him was, that one was called Emmy, and was twenty years of age, and the other was called Andrea Margrethé, and was eighteen years old.

This intelligence flung me into a most confused state of uneasiness and joy, for I have long since remarked a strange peculiarity that I have, which I almost fancy is characteristic of my disposition, namely, that I fall in love with all the young girls whom I see. I have sometimes heard others say that the reason why they remained unmarried, was because they could not find any one to suit them. That is astonishing! It is quite the opposite with me, therefore if I remain unmarried, the reason will be because they all suit me so well that I cannot

determine which to select. If I should choose one, I should be setting aside ten others whom I like quite as much. Hence, it is actually a relief to me to hear that any of these damsels have become betrothed, for that, at least, reduces the number for me to choose among. But what avails that? It is exactly like the Hydra's head—for one young girl of my acquaintance who marries, I get introduced to ten others, and my distress is as great as ever. I am often fearful lest in the end it should fare with me like Burydan's ass, especially as Corpus Juris declares that I have many qualities in common with that same ass. Once I confided my uneasiness on this point to the Old Man, as we were walking home arm and arm one night from a ball, on arriving at which I had not known a single lady, but before I left I was in love with every one without



exception ; the Old Man, however, consoled me by saying I might make my mind quite easy : in the course of time I should find out who was to be the fortunate fair one. I have, therefore, comforted myself with the thought, that I shall not pass my Embeds-examen for five years.

But here was I going to make the acquaintance of two young girls, and it was naturally to be supposed that my disquietude should increase ten fold. Nevertheless, on the other hand, a secret voice whispered within me :

“Comfort yourself, Nicolai, the time has come for all your anxiety to end : what you are now about to see is so charming that it will exceed all you have hitherto beheld—what you have long sought for, and sought for in vain, you shall now find—all your doubts shall cease.”

This voice sounded so confidentially, that in my heart, I was fully convinced of its truth. How such an idea entered my brain I cannot tell ; it would be a sin to accuse Niels of having excited my imagination by flaming, enthusiastic descriptions, for he was well nigh dumb ; but what sage has ever been able to account for all the strange thoughts which spring up in the mind of man ?

As we drove along these thoughts became more and more vivid, a crowd of pleasant scenes presented themselves to my soul, and at length, being obliged to give vent to the exuberance of my spirits, I sang forth lustily :—

“ Far in the country’s quiet nook  
The student is a welcome guest,  
But, pretty darling, guard each look—  
Caution is for a maiden best.

You kindly wish to treat him well—  
But the more of him you make,  
The more, believe me, he will take  
Till o'er your heart he casts a spell  
That you, perhaps, can never break."

I had just finished, and was about to sing the verse over again, thinking it was so very suitable to the present circumstances, when we heard a tremendous thump behind us.

"I'll be bound, we are losing the gentleman upon the boxes," said Niels.

I looked round, he had guessed aright; the Old Man and the boxes had fallen from the carriage. I sprang down instantly, to ascertain if the Old Man had sustained any injury—not a bit of it; there he stood in the utmost tranquillity, gazing at the portmanteaus, as if he expected them first to mount up again. Meanwhile Corpus Juris grumblingly exclaimed—

"Cannot you keep your seat upon a carriage, Christopher?"

It was all very fine his snarling when he was sitting comfortably and safely upon the seat of the carriage, and not like the Old Man upon a mountain of boxes.

With the help of Niels we lifted these said boxes up again, and replaced the Old Man upon one of them, and Corpus Juris vigorously held on to the luggage, that no calamity might again occur. Every time that we were going to drive up an eminence I shouted out to Corpus Juris—

“Are you holding fast?”

And as regularly not Corpus Juris, but the Old Man, answered—

“Yes, I am holding.”

As if he who was perched on the top of them could prevent the portmanteaus from falling by grasping tightly the handle of one of them.

## CHAPTER III.

WHAT magnificent weather it was! the heaven spread its clear, radiant canopy over our heads; on both sides of the road the trees and bushes stood forth, clad in their Christmas garb, namely, hoar frost upon every branch and tiny spray which bowed gracefully to us; the air was so fresh and light, one felt inclined to fly; it was impossible to be silent, I was forced to sing the song of my youth, "From land slowly steer! from land slowly steer!"

Even Corpus Juris joined in "The maidens of Bergen will soon appear," while the Old man growled the refrain, "Ohi—ohoi! ohi—ohoi!" in his grumpy tones; he is not capable of doing more.

We now turned off to the right, and ascended the last hill, on the summit of which the Parsonage was situated, both it and the church being built a little way from the village. Niels touched up the old man with the whip (of course the one in front of the carriage), and at a brisk pace we soon approached the Parsonage. Two large trees stood before the gates, and all around on every side was one mass of bushes, at present, however, stripped of their leaves, so that one could see through the naked branches, but in summer the Parsonage must lie as snug and as sheltered as a bird in its nest, concealed amidst the surround-

ing green foliage. I took particular notice of all this, though on the outside there was nothing in the least to remind one of the library at the university, or the royal library: perhaps in the interior it might be more like, I reflected with a stifled sigh. Before reaching the Parsonage there was a frozen pond, upon which the village urchins were careering, some with skates, some without, as their abilities or circumstances permitted. A little rascal of five years of age, with a high red cap upon his head, paused in the midst of a grand whirl, and stood on one leg, gaping in astonishment at us as we drove past—it was Christmas ice bidding us welcome. We now wheeled round, and entered the gates; a flock of lazy ducks, which had encamped here, rushed like a troop of jabbering outriders into the court-yard to announce our arrival,

which furthermore was testified by the loud barking of the chained watch-dog.

“There is Andrea Margrethé,” I heard the Old Man whisper to Corpus Juris, pointing to a young girl who had just appeared in the door-way; “And there is Emmy,” whispered Corpus Juris back to the Old Man, as another young lady approached the first-named. “Welcome! welcome!” resounded from the entrance hall; and “Hurrah!” cried I, as if these greetings of welcome were especially meant for me, notwithstanding neither of the young ladies had ever had the pleasure of seeing me before. Presently we stopped before the door; in the twinkling of an eye we had all sprung down from the carriage, though I cannot imagine how in such hot haste the Old Man could have descended from his exalted position upon the luggage.



He is absent at all times, but instead of shaking hands with Andrea Margrethé, the sweet girl, who stood holding out both her hands towards us, he rushed head foremost into the hall. I just had time to give him a sharp thump in the back in the hope of bringing him to his senses, and it happily had that effect. But as people usually go from one extreme to the other, such was the case now. If the Old Man had shewn great indifference towards Andrea Margrethé, he evidently wished to make up for it by being uncommonly cordial to Emmy, for the eagerness with which he seized and pressed her hands, was far beyond what common civility demanded.

“But why have you delayed so long in coming? We fully expected you in the first of the Christmas holidays,” said Andrea Margrethé.

"You promised to preach for my father on Christmas-day," said Emmy to the Old Man.

"Did I?—I was not aware of it."

"It is always the same," said Andrea Margrethé; "you promise, and promise, but——"

"You ought not to say that," exclaimed Emmy; "you cannot know what Christopher may have had to do at that time."

Christopher! oh, what a charm lay in the sound of that word! The surname and the formal Mr. were cast aside—so it ought to be between brother and sisters-in-law to be; there was still, however, a slight formality in their way of addressing each other, for they said you instead of thou.\*

\* The Danes, like the French and Germans, use the pronoun 'in the second person singular when on terms of intimacy.

I will soon alter that, however. My dreams in the carriage had not deceived me; what I now beheld surpassed in freshness and vivacity all that I had hitherto admired; I felt convinced that here I was destined to find what I had so eagerly sought.

Andrea Margrethé was short in stature, but she possessed a pair of sparkling brown eyes, and smooth chestnut hair, and such a charming smile, that one clean forgot whether she were short or tall. When she spoke all was freshness, vivacity, and youth. Emmy was paler; her black hair was smoothly braided on each side over her pure white brow; her eyes were of a dark blue grey, in which was an unspeakable expression of tenderness and love. She was small and slender, and there was something so frail and delicate about her, that I can

find nothing more appropriate to liken her to than a lotus blossom, although I am not quite sure what a lotus blossom is like. She had on an iron grey dress, while Andrea Margrethé wore one of dark brown; of what materials these dresses were, however, I am not competent to say. The Old Man declares they were cotton, but I am certain he is mistaken, for cotton is what one sews pocket-handkerchiefs with; he insists upon it that he is right, but the Old Man always speaks very decidedly, especially when it refers to a matter that he does not quite understand.

The door of the parlour was opened, and the clergyman made his appearance. He was a tall, powerfully built man, apparently about sixty years of age; he wore a scull cap, and had grey hair, but in his clear blue eyes the fire of youth still shone.

“*Tandem venere bubulci*,” he cried in a voice that made the very windows rattle; “is this a time to keep Christmas, when both the Christmas groats and the Christmas goose are eaten? You will come in for short commons, but it is your own faults.”

The clergyman had not yet observed me, therefore the Old Man took upon himself to present me as the youngest member of his family.

“So, the third edition,” said the parson. “Probably as imperfect as the others; but we shall not judge of it until we have examined it: it is smartly enough bound, any how. What is its title?”

“Nicolai, student of theology,” I replied.

“Nicolai?—Not, it is to be hoped, of the race of the Nicolaitanes, third chapter of

the Revelations, who say that one must not marry ?”

“Do you mean, if I am a Mormon?” I asked, not understanding to what the clergyman alluded.

“Mormon?—do the Mormons teach that people should not marry? Dear friend, how does it stand with your Christian knowledge, and you are actually a student of theology?”

I was much abashed at my ignorance, but luckily the Old Man came to the rescue by saying—

“It is not said of the followers of the Nicolaitanes that they taught persons were not to marry, besides they are not mentioned in the third chapter of the Revelations, but in the second chapter.”

“Here’s the man for you,” exclaimed the clergyman, taking three steps back, “*ωδε η*

*σοφία ἐστίν*, here is wisdom. Now we shall be regaled with real turtle from the table of genius, that is always something for a poor country parson, who sits and counts his tithes and the offerings of the poor. Well, if you have removed your harnesses, come in and get some provender," so saying he showed us into the parlour, where the breakfast table was spread.

The clergyman's wife now came forward to receive us; she had the same mild brown eyes as Andrea Margrethé, and welcomed us as heartily as if she had been our own parent.

"Now, mother, here you have number three to pet and caress," said the clergyman. "Whenever mother has an opportunity of petting and making a fuss about young men, she is quite happy; I must take care of myself. But how shall we find lodging

for Nicolai? Well, I will offer him my footstool for a pillow, and my chess-board for an over-bed, then I shall have fulfilled the duties of hospitality towards him."

"Nicolai shall have as good a bed as any one could desire," answered the clergyman's wife.

"Well, well, I ask only for the sake of saying something. The whole house has been expecting your arrival for the last three days; Andrea Margrethé has got a crinoline in honour of the solemnity of the occasion."

"That is not true, papa," said Andrea Margrethé, "for I have long worn one."

"Have you really? I do not doubt it, for if you can only hit upon something that will drag money out of my pocket, you are both delighted; it is no consequence to you how the dollars fly, but I live in



fear of the coming day, when three officers of the law shall present themselves out here to drag me to jail."

"But, dear father, we are obliged to dress respectably: if one lives among human beings, one must look like a human being."

"Indeed, so that is to look like a human being. Hearken, Nicolai, I tell you what, to-morrow you must borrow one of Andrea Margrethé's crinolines, for you must also look like a human being."

At the request of the clergyman's wife, we all took our places round the breakfast-table, and fell to refreshing ourselves after the cold journey.

"Help yourselves dear friends," said the clergyman's wife; "you are welcome to everything we have to offer you."

"Yes, eat, eat," added the parson. "I beg particularly to recommend this cheese

to you; it is a most excellent cheese, it tastes in a remarkable degree of tallow."

"That is not the case really, papa; it is a very good cheese."

"It certainly is a good cheese, that is just what I have been saying; generally when we have visitors from Copenhagen such a cheese as that is demolished in eight days; this one has lasted eight months, and I hope it will last eight months longer, for no one ever touches it. It is, as I have said, an excellent chéese."

I cut a piece of the cheese, but must admit that the clergyman's wife was right; there was nothing wrong about it.

"You must not believe everything that my father says," exclaimed Andrea Margrethé; "the cheese is very nice."

"Well, if you say so, I am mute," cried the clergyman; "'*Mulier taceat in ecclesia*,'

which interpreted, means, 'In church father talks, and we are silent; at home we speak, and father is silent.'"

"Our guests can judge for themselves," said Emmy, "who speaks most at home."

"Indeed: when strangers are here of course you let it appear as if all were going on smoothly; but they should come out to us daily, they would then be able to see how matters are. Emmy stands in one portion of the Parsonage, and Andrea Margrethé in the other, and order away, while I, poor old man, am obliged to gallop backward and forward to carry out their commands."

The clergyman said this with the most serious air, consequently I sat looking at him quite dumbfounded. Emmy, that pretty, charming girl issuing forth her commands—and the pastor, a strong, big

man, with a voice which might drown a clap of thunder, running backwards and forwards to execute her orders! The clergyman's wife must have remarked my astonishment, for she said—

“I hope you will come frequently to us, Nicolai, then you will be able to judge for yourself how things are with us in everyday life.”

“I hope so too,” added the parson, “and you will be able to give us the news from Copenhagen. Perhaps you may have to-day something that is interesting to communicate to me?”

I answered that I regretted such was not the case, but if the clergyman would address himself to Frederick, he might, perhaps, comply with his wish, for he paid more attention to the events of the day than I did.

"Frederick never knows anything to tell me, that I have not seen already in the newspapers," replied the clergyman, "but I am very happy to make the trial. Mr. Lawyer, *quid novi ex Africa?*"

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Corpus Juris, starting; he was absorbed, in an earnest conversation with Andrea Margréthé.

"Forgive me, I did not observe that you were otherwise engaged! I merely wish to know if there were anything of consequence going on in the capital."

"Well, yes—" and forthwith Corpus repeated the substance of the latest political intelligence, which two days previously he had expounded to the Old Man and myself. But the clergyman was by no means so grateful a listener.

"I know all that," he cried, interrupting

him; "I have read it myself in the papers."

"Then I have, I fear, nothing new to tell you."

"But what do you do with yourself, yonder, at Copenhagen? Do you march up and down your office the live long day with your hands in your pocket, and smoking cigars? Can you not occupy yourself in something useful? Why do you not get up a small riot, to enable a person, for example, to read the next day in the newspapers: 'Last night a severe fight took place upon the king's new market between some sailors and some students. A young man, Nicolai, by name, was left hanging to a lamp-post.' Now something of that sort would amuse me! but not a bit of it, you go on eating and drinking, and sleeping, and let the world proceed on

its usual humdrum course. There is not the smallest excitement in that. Did you not meet with anything new or extraordinary during your journey hither to-day?"

"Yes, to be sure, I must make many apologies," said the Old Man; "for I was so unfortunate as to break off the back of the front seat in the carriage."

"It is of no consequence; indeed, I am much obliged to you for having done it. I have very often told Niels that the back of the seat would give way, if he did not have it put to rights. No, Niels declared it would last yet a while; now you see I was right, and I am greatly indebted to you; but tell me, why did you not come out the day after Christmas day and preach for me, as you promised?"

The Old Man declared nothing had been fixed, that he had merely said that he would

on some occasion come out and preach for the clergyman; besides he had already promised Pastor Petersen of Ollerup to preach for him the day after Christmas.

“And did you preach for him?” asked the clergyman.

“No, I did not go, for the cold was too intense.”

“The cold? Did you ever hear such a thing? Do you know what, my gentleman, I perceive distinctly how matters stand. You tell me that you could not preach for me as you had to preach for Pastor Petersen of Ollerup, and most probably you informed Pastor Petersen of Ollerup that you could not preach for him, as you had to preach for me, so you humbugged us both, and remained lying upon your sofa in all comfort and peace. But though you would not preach for me, you might have, at least,



come and spent the Christmas with us, in the good old fashion, instead of making your appearance now in this formal manner, when all merry-making is over."

The Old Man replied that he was fearful of inconveniencing them.

"Inconveniencing? Have you ever inconvenienced us by coming here? Has it ever happened to you when you visited us, that some one stood at the door with a broom, and cried; right about face, march home again?—except it might be Emmy, who had done so in my absence, it is like what she would do."

I glanced across to Emmy, who at that moment was handing the Old Man the basket of bread; I saw her small, delicate hand, with the blue veins shining through the fair skin—and to picture to myself that hand swinging a ponderous broom to chase

from the door the Old Man, the worthy Old Man, as he approached, absorbed in his own thoughts: nay, it was absolutely impossible to imagine any thing of the sort.

“But I full well know what was the obstacle,” persisted the clergyman. “You preferred to remain in Sodom and Gomorrah, and go to a dancing booth, and play all manner of pranks rather than come out to a respectable country parson, to spend a quiet, decent Christmas.”

The conversation now turned upon various persons of our mutual acquaintance about whom questions were alternately asked and news given.

I cannot deny that it is one of my weaknesses that I wish to appear to everybody in as advantageous a light as possible, to effect which I make use of all kinds of little innocent manoeuvres. As I was aware that

his library was the clergyman's hobby, I fancied the surest way to ingratiate myself into his good graces would be to appear to take an interest in it, therefore I begged permission to be allowed to see his library.

"My library? What do you want with it?"

I answered that I took a great interest in books, and in collections of books.

"Ah so!" exclaimed the clergyman, "you belong then to that class of worthies, who opine that each day is lost in which they have not read a portion of a book."

How shocked I was to find my lively interest in libraries received in this manner, may easily be imagined.

"A young man like you," continued the pastor, "should be looking about you in the world and in life, the time will come fast

enough, when you may sit yourself down, and read yourself blind over books."

Bless me, those were exactly my own views the clergyman was expressing, it was truly a most uncomfortable situation in which I found myself; with the greatest possible pleasure I would have bid adieu to both library and science, but it would not do to change my mind so suddenly, and for shame's sake, I was obliged to keep to my request.

"Then you really wish to inspect my library; well come along with me!" said the clergyman, as he rose to lead the way. I followed him to the study, but here a fresh disappointment awaited me. Judging from the Old Man's and Corpus Juris's description of Nöddebo Parsonage, I of course imagined the library to be of colossal dimensions, in which a person

would be absolutely lost amidst endless books—but I found scarcely three shelves filled with volumes, which could easily be looked through at once. Was that actually the library of which my brothers had spoken so much? I could not conceal my amazement, but exclaimed: “Is that all?”

“Are you not satisfied with it? Read these books thoroughly first, and I’ll answer for it you will get on well enough for a time.”

“But—but the books on ecclesiastical law,” I stammered.

“Ecclesiastical law? There it is yonder: ‘Dean Möller’s Manual for the Clergy’—I need no other book on ecclesiastical law.”

“But Frederick—Frederick told me you—you had so many books on—ecclesiastical law.”

“Frederick? Oh I understand now—he is a lawyer, and he would plunge the clergy and the community into law-suits with his ecclesiastical law, in order to put money into his own pocket. Present my compliments to Frederick, and tell him, that here we live together like good Christians, and agree like brethren—that is our ecclesiastical law. Well, now I must go to my work, but if it affords you any pleasure you are welcome to remain here, and read, ‘Dean Möller’s Manual for the Clergy.’ ”

With all due respect for Dean Möller and his manual, I could not deny that I preferred the society of Emmy and Andrea Margrethé.

“You would rather join the other idlers, I perceive,” said the clergyman; “well, be off with you, I fancied your eagerness to study ecclesiastical law was not so great.”

I proceeded at once to the other idlers, that is to say to Emmy and Andrea Margrethé, for it was in their society I wished to enjoy myself.

## CHAPTER IV.

I FOUND the whole circle assembled in the parlour, where a cheerful fire was blazing in the stove, it being severe winter weather ; though, in doors, it was hard to believe it, when one saw how pleasantly the sun shone through the red curtains, how clear and blue the sky was stretched above—when one beheld before the windows the fragrant bulbs, and the yellow and the blue crocuses—beyond all, when one contemplated Andrea Margrethé, one might well be tempted to



believe that it was as fresh and warm summer outside as within ; most assuredly I should have gone and opened the window looking upon the garden, if it had not been that the icicles, which hung down from the roof, glittering in a thousand forms in the sun's rays, warned me that the cold out of doors was at five degrees.

The clergyman's wife, Emmy and Andrea Margrethé were all engaged sewing : the Old Man was sitting by the side of Emmy, Corpus Juris near Andrea Margrethé, but between Emmy and Andrea Margrethé there was an empty chair, and I took possession of it ; although I had come last, I had got the best place !

My first exclamation was naturally to demand of Corpus Juris how he could assert that the clergyman had such a splendid library of books on ecclesiastical law. I

could perceive that this question embarrassed him greatly, but Corpus Juris is not the man who, having once said a thing, ever retracts his word.

“Yes,” he replied slowly, as if he were arranging his sentence, “the clergyman has excellent books on ecclesiastical law—for I must tell you it does not so much signify about the quantity as the quality of books.”

“Very true, but there must be, at any rate, however few, a certain quantity—do you know how many books he has?”

“Yes—he has—he has not a great many, but those he has are the very best works on that subject.”

“No, he has but one—one single work!” I exclaimed triumphantly, for now it was as clear as day that I had caught Corpus Juris tripping.

“Well, but it is the most excellent of all;

if that be once thoroughly studied, there is no need to possess any other."

"Which is it?"

"It is—it is Kolderup Rosenvinge's"—

"No, it is 'Dean Möller's Manual for the Clergy,'" I cried, proud at having on every point convinced Corpus Juris in this indisputable manner of his error. But one should not rejoice too soon over any victory. I suddenly encountered another antagonist in Andrea Margrethé, who was offended because, as she declared, I ridiculed her father's library.

"I have not the smallest wish to say a word against the library," I protested; "it is, I assure you, quite large enough for me, but I only wish that Frederick should acknowledge that he was wrong. Both he and Christopher gave me altogether an erroneous description of this parsonage! Would

you believe it, they did not even mention to me that the clergyman here was married and had children, so that it was not until to-day that I was aware of your and your sister's existence. What do you say to that?"

Andrea Margrethé said nothing, and the others were also silent, so that there was a dead pause. This threw me into a horrid state of uncomfortableness, for I had an idea that I must have said something foolish, or why should they all be so silent? I sat reflecting upon the library, for without doubt the fault lay there, but I could not exactly see how I should set all to rights again.

Presently Andrea Margrethé asked me if I should not like to see the garden, and the kitchen, cellars, barns, &c.

"There is no use going over them now, there is nothing to see," said the clergy-

man's wife. "You must come again in summer, Nicolai, then you will be able to see what a pretty place this is."

"Nay, but there is something to see," answered Andrea Margrethé; "there is the view across the Fiord from the Linden hill, that is at all times pretty; besides you have evidently so much imagination, Nicolai, that you can picture to yourself how it looks in summer."

I might easily have so much imagination, and in my inmost soul I thought, if there was nothing else to see, at any rate there was Andrea Margrethé; in her society I would willingly take a journey to Siberia as a little summer trip.

Andrea Margrethé hastily flung a cloak over her shoulders, and placed a small hood upon her head, which, if possible, made her still more beautiful; then off we set, first to

the kitchens, where the plates and dishes were arranged in such splendid order, that at the sight the heart of every mistress of a house would have swelled with enthusiasm.

"Here I alone command," said Andrea Margrethé, as she glanced round with evident pride.

"That is to say, I suppose, jointly with your mother and sister," I added.

"No, they have not much to say here, for although Emmy and I share the housekeeping between us, taking it week about, yet Emmy cannot well manage alone; she is always obliged to have my help during her week."

"Perhaps your sister does not care particularly about domestic matters?" I asked.

"No, she prefers reading."

"Are you not fond of reading also?"

"Oh yes, when I have nothing else to do,

but—look, there comes the old man to get some bread.”

I turned round in amazement, but as I saw no man, but instead a horse's head stretched in through the open window, I understood that it was the four-footed old man, of whom she was speaking,

Andrea Margrethé gave the horse a piece of bread, as she stroked it, and spoke kindly to it.

“How old is he in reality?” I asked.

“He is exactly my age: we celebrate our birthdays together.”

“What solemnity marks the old man's birthday?”

“I make a wreath of flowers, which I throw over his head, and which he afterwards does me the favour to eat—but now come and see the pantry!”

I followed her into the pantry, where a

savoury smell of cakes and preserves came streaming towards me, and made me in fancy revel in all manner of undefined conceptions of an Utopia, where the houses are built of pancakes, and the streets paved with spiced nuts.

"Are you fond of Jews' cakes," asked Andrea Margrethé.

I did not know what Jews' cakes were, but as, without exception, I liked everything in the shape of cake, I instantly answered yes.

"Well, take some of these—I baked them myself: are they not good?"

"Excellent," I replied, with my mouth full of cake; "but they are a little dry."

"You shall have some mead to drink with them," said Andrea Margrethé, as she took down a bottle, and poured me out a glass full. "There now, you can imagine that you



are in the Valhalla drinking mead and eating Jews' cakes."

"While I am being waited upon by a beautiful Valkyrie," thought I, but I dared not venture to say that aloud, for there was something about Andrea Margrethé which deprived me of all courage to pay her compliments, though I was not wont in general to be backward in that respect.

"Now we will go down to the dairy—this way—hold tight to the banisters ; the stairs are steep." But Andrea Margrethé herself ran down stairs, and so lightly, that she had reached the bottom when I was stumbling at the first step.

Here one milk pan after the other stood side by side—in my mind's eye floated an ocean of curds and whey, curds from which the whey had been pressed, and strawberries and cream. But Andrea Margrethé did not

give way to such extravagant flights of fancy; her thoughts were turned towards the practical; she tried to explain everything to me, even to the smallest detail—yes, this was indeed quite another library, and quite another librarian than I had dreamed about, and I must admit I found this library much more interesting than the library of the university, and the librarian much more amiable than the one in the Royal Library. Servants' hall, and brewery, I had also to see, "for you must be up to everything," said Andrea Margrethé; "you are going to be a clergyman yourself, you must therefore see how matters are conducted in a parsonage, so that you may arrange your own after the same plan."

I now not only saw how my parsonage, but also what my wife should look like.

"Yonder are the barns, and the stables.

Niels can shew you these," said Andrew Margrethé, as she pointed to the opposite row of houses.

"They can wait for another time," I hastened to say, not choosing to have Niels for my guide instead of Andrea Margrethé. "Let us rather go and see the garden."

But it was not so easy to get to the garden. Not because there were any peculiar obstacles to be overcome—nay, there were neither mountains nor rivers to traverse; had one chosen one might have been there in two minutes—but there was so much on the way there that had to be examined and admired. In the first place we encountered Semiramis, the white cat, and Andrea Margrethé consequently favoured me with a short sketch of its earthly career. I was also shown how it could purr and spring, which last performance consisted in holding both

one's hands before the animal, and it jumping over them. Then we came to the well, and here it was to be tested if I could measure correctly by the eye, by stating how deep the well was ; to Andrea Margrethé's great delight I guessed only half its depth, for the well was the pride of the Parsonage, the clergyman himself having had it sunk. Then I was to try if I could draw up the bucket, but this had very nearly been the death of me, the bucket would assuredly have dragged me down, if Andrea Margrethé had not come to my assistance. Finally, I had to cast a glance up to the storks' nests, "that I might be convinced that this was a genuine parsonage ; for storks' nests were indispensable to a genuine parsonage ;" as Andrea Margrethé assured me. I must know that the storks brought their offering, just like the other members of the com-

munity, one year an egg, and another year a young one.

But all this took up time, for Andrea Margrethé had a horror of anything superficial, and I saw no reason for hurrying myself as long as I was permitted to look at her sparkling, brown eyes, and to hear her sweet, cheerful voice.

At length we reached the garden. At first I perceived nothing but naked trees, and snow and ice, but Andrea Margrethé very quickly initiated me into the various points of interest. Yonder grew in summer the most lovely moss roses, in such a bed bordered with auriculas stood a myrtle bush, there was the jasmine bower, and here grew the strawberries—ah, it was just like as if it had all at once become charming warm summer. I fancied myself sauntering beneath large, shady walnut-trees, and was

sensible of the most delicious perfume of roses and carnations and stocks.

"I suppose you command here also," I asked ; for I had conceived an idea that Andrea Margrethé was, as it were, the queen of the place, all must be according to her will, on her account everything had been built, and the clergyman, his wife, and the men and women servants all were there to do her bidding.

I was much surprised when Andrea Margrethé said no.

"Indeed?"

"No, my mother presides here, and she will not allow us to have anything to say in this place ; it is unfortunate, for I have so many novel ideas ; my mother, however, will never follow my advice."

"What would you like to have altered?"

"What would I like to have altered?"

Can you not see that old pine tree, yonder? That should be removed, then there would be a matchless view from here over the Fiord."

"You are right, but do you know what? we should also cut down that walnut-tree; it would then be more open and airy."

"Those old gooseberry bushes, yonder, ought also to be cleared away, and then there would be a splendid grass-plat," continued Andrea Margrethé.

"Yes, but then we ought to take away these filbert hedges, to leave a nice open space."

One thing was certain, if Andrea Margrethé and I had full power to do as we pleased all would very soon assume quite another aspect. It was fortunate that the clergyman's wife did not hear our grand ideas, for they would assuredly have greatly

astonished her. Possibly we carried our plans of reform rather far, but it was a real pleasure being on the side of Andrea Margrethé, besides I am a great advocate for change, and as it is much easier to pull down than to build up, I always prefer the former.

"But you have not yet beheld what is best worth seeing," said Andrea Margrethé. "That is the Linden hill—let us go there," and off we started for the Linden hill: it was situated at the extremity of the garden, and derived its name from a large Linden tree which stood upon its summit. Outside of the garden there was a steep declivity, terminating at the Fiord, whose smooth ice-covered surface spread itself like a broad shining band between the snow clad banks on either side.

"Take a seat upon my bench, and you will see a splendid view."



I looked all about but could see no seat ;  
Andrea Margrethé laughed.

“ You must mount up into the tree,” she said at length ; “ my seat is up there. Look here, take hold of this rope, and place your foot on these notches in the tree, and up you will go. I will follow you immediately ; there is exactly room for two up there.”

I balanced myself up with some difficulty, and had scarcely taken my place, before Andrea Margrethé, nimble as a squirrel, was seated by my side.

“ Just fancy now that it is summer,” she said, “ and a soft wind is swaying the trees backwards and forwards—can you imagine anything more delightful than to sit up here, surrounded on all sides by foliage, just like in a cradle, listening to the chirping of the birds in all directions—ah, you must come and try it yourself, for won’t you after

this always accompany your brothers when they come to see us ?”

Andrea Margrethé might be quite sure of that.

“I can sit up here for hours and read,” she continued.

“And read ?” I asked, terrified, for it seemed to me as if I beheld the library like a dark spectre in the back ground.

“Well, I mean, with a book in my hand, for I read very little before I fall in thought and gaze up among the green leaves, and watch the clear blue sky peeping through them, or the sun’s rays falling upon my dress like large golden flowers. But I feel cold,” she exclaimed suddenly, as she sprang down ; “come, let us run a race back to the Parsonage.”

I found this a most sensible proposition, for it was very like as if winter, in its dis-

pleasure at our having talked of summer, and ignored winter altogether, had begun to make us aware of its existence in a tolerably perceptible manner. I would not, however, run a race, for why should I run away from Andrea Margrèthé? That would be very stupid! But to run by her side, I was well satisfied to do. However, I soon perceived, although Andrea Margrèthé was obliged to take two steps to my one, that she moved her feet twice as fast as I did mine, so that I had to exert myself to the utmost of my power not to be left behind. Now we were near the walnut tree—the one who could swing round it first, had, in fact, won, for he was decidedly the foremost. So I took strides twice as long as I had at first done, but one spring more and—stumbling over a root that protruded in the path, I was received in the arms of Corpus Juris, who was coming from the

opposite direction, and was exceedingly astounded at this fraternal embrace.

"I have got there first—I have got there first," cried Andrea Margrethé, as she danced round me, as an Indian dances round his fallen foe. "Is it not true, Frederick, I arrived first?"

"Yes, certainly you did," answered he; "and moreover I have come to reward you for the victory. See, I have got some bulbs for you, which are exceedingly rare, and the blossoms of which are of uncommon beauty."

"No, really? oh, that is charming! I am so fond of bulbs. Thanks, Frederick, thanks—let us go at once and show them to my mother, she will be as pleased as I am."

"We have not got to the Parsonage yet," said I.

"So you won't give in? Well, let us try once more!"

On this occasion, however, I would not show any useless forbearance ; instantly, from the very first moment, I gathered up my strength, and darted forward, though the gooseberry branches knocked against my legs, and the cherry trees struck against my head : it would seem as if the whole garden had conspired against me to help Andrea Margrethé. But I cared for nothing—onward I bounded over sticks and stones—now I had reached the court-yard, but Andrea Margrethé was constantly by my side—it appeared as if she were borne along by an invisible spirit ; at the same second we both approached the foot of the flight of stairs which led up to the hall door, here I could take three steps to her one ; with a violent push I threw the door open, and came thump up against the parson, who was issuing forth in all peace and comfort calmly

smoking his meerschaum pipe. So violent was the collision, that the clergyman tumbled up against one wall, and lost his pipe, while I was hurled against the other.

“Hollo ! help, violence, violence !” cried the clergyman, which brought his wife, Emmy and the Old Man, rushing in dismay from the parlour, at the same moment as Andrea Margrethé and Corpus Juris reached the hall door.

“What is the matter ? What is the matter ?”

“What is the matter ? Nicolai has given me my death blow !”

“How did you hit yourself ? Have you hurt yourself much ?”

“Do you ask if I have hurt myself ? I am so much hurt that I shall just go and indite a funeral sermon for myself, which Christopher can deliver instead of the Christ-

mas sermon which he did not preach. Look at my pipe—my beautiful pipe—nay, Nicolai, Nicolai, that you wished to strike me dead, I can forgive, for I am only a sinful mortal, but that you have annihilated my pipe, which has never done any mischief—on the contrary, has afforded me nothing but happiness and comfort—I will never forgive!”

“But look here, papa, the head of the pipe is only broken in two,” said Andrea Margrethé, who had picked up the pieces; “we can bind it together by fastening some thread round it; it can be made as good as ever.”

“Yes, fasten the pieces together, and let me see you help Nicolai break all the windows in the Parsonage, and you can be done with that sort of work by dinner time,” said the clergyman as he took his departure.

“Is he angry?” I whispered to Andrea Margrethé.

“Angry? Rest assured if he had been that he would have spoken to you in quite another tone—no, he is not at all angry; you may quiet yourself.”

“See here, mother, of what charming bulbs Frederick has made me a present,” said Andrea Margrethé, when we had once more settled down in peace in the sitting-room.

“And look what Christopher has brought me,” said Emmy, as she handed a book to Andrea Margrethé.

“What is it? ‘Claudius Wandsbecker-boten!’ Well, Christopher, you have done a good deed there—Emmy has talked of that book, I do not know how long. Just let us see if it really is so excellent—here’s about the soul’s immortality—Spinoza—Jacobi. That is decidedly too learned for



me. I understand nothing about all that. What's your opinion, Frederick?"

"I think just as you do, Andrea Margrethé: for ever so long a time I have heard Christópher laud that book as something super-excellent; but I never listened to more than the introduction, for it was beyond my comprehension—I was not sufficiently intellectual to appreciate it."

"Well, if it is beyond your comprehension, it is no wonder that it is far beyond mine. I much prefer bulbs; that is something I can understand. Ah, by the bye, mother, I must tell you Nicolai is of the same opinion as I am, that there really ought to be many alterations in the garden."

"Can you not let my poor garden be in peace?" asked the clergyman's wife with a sweet smile.

"Indeed, he went far beyond me," con-

tinued Andrea Margrethé; "he not only would have the old pine tree, and the old gooseberry bushes removed, but the walnut tree, and the filbert hedges also."

"Would you cut down that splendid old walnut tree? Surely you do not mean that?" said Emmy.

No, I assuredly did not mean that,—how could I at hearing the tone in which Emmy said these words?

"And the filbert hedges to boot?" continued Emmy. "What is to become of the walks by the filbert hedges? You should only see how nice it is to saunter along those paths in summer time, chatting with a friend."

At that moment it came into my mind how delightful it must be in a calm mid-summer afternoon, when the sun is casting its last crimson rays amidst the dark foliage,

to wander there by Emmy's side, and listen to her words, mild and refreshing as the dew of night after a scorching day ; I bitterly repented of my premature plans of reform, and declared that I had not well weighed my words, I had not seen the garden in summer time ; possibly I would then change my mind.

“ Change your mind ! ” exclaimed Andrea Margrethé ; “ well, you are a trusty helper indeed—out of doors you are of the same opinion as I am, and here, when you ought to assist me in convincing my mother and Emmy, you go over to the enemy's side. If my mother and Emmy were permitted to take their own way, there would not be the slightest alteration in the garden. Everything would remain unchanged from one year to another, until the slow progress of decay at last destroyed it all.”

“Are you so fond of everything old?” I asked Emmy.

“Yes,” she answered, “I like everything old, because it is rich with remembrances, and remembrances bring peace and repose. There is not a tree in the garden that is not connected in memory to some by-gone pleasant hour. I grew up among these trees, they have witnessed the sorrows and the joys of my childhood, they seem to me to be old friends, and when I hear the gentle breezes murmuring through their boughs, I fancy they bring me a greeting from ages gone by—how then could I have the heart to let them be cut down?”

“But *I* love every thing new,” said Andrea Margrethé eagerly ; “there is life and freshness in new things, and I firmly believe that the Lord must have been of the same opinion as myself, or else He would not

surely have given us four seasons of the year, but only one."

"If the Lord had been of your opinion," answered Emmy, "He might as well have made the grass one summer green, and the next red, instead of——"

"Crack!" was heard at that moment, it was Emmy's scissors, with which the Old Man had been playing, and which he had broken straight in two. Just as King Midas possessed the wonderful power, that everything which he touched turned into gold, so the Old Man had the strange peculiarity that everything he touched broke. He was most unhappy, and begged Emmy's pardon a thousand times.

"Oh, it is nothing," she answered; "it was an old blunt pair of scissors."

"I will take them with me to the village, and have them repaired."

"It is really not worth while ; besides, I have another pair of scissors."

The Old Man allowed himself to be comforted, and seized hold of the pieces again. I verily believe to see if he could not break them a little more.

Corpus Juris went to the pianoforte, and struck a few chords on it. "Shall we have a song ?" he asked.

"Oh yes, a song, a song !" cried Andrea Margrethé instantly.

"Can you sing ?" I asked.

"Yes, of course we can sing," she answered, as greatly astonished as if I had asked her if she could speak.

"What do you sing then ?"

"We know several styles of songs ; we sing the whole Kjcempeviser."\*

"The whole Kjcempeviser, can you really?"

\* Kjcempeviser—ancient Scandinavian ballads.

“To be sure we can ; on the long summer days, when Emmy and I sit with our work in the jasmine bower yonder, we learn to sing them by heart. Would you like to hear about the eighty-seven who issued from Hald,—we can sing the whole of the eighty-seven verses—or would you rather have ‘Svend Bonved sits encaged,’ or ‘Svend Felling’s song?’ ”

“We can try them all, one after the other,” said Corpus Juris, who had seated himself at the pianoforte to play the accompaniment. “Let us begin with ‘Svend Bonved.’ ”

So we sung about “Svend Bonved,” and about “Ramund the Young,” and about “Jomfru Kirsten.” Andrea Margrethé was indefatigable, and we had to sing from one end to the other, for one could not understand the legend if all the verses were not sung, she said.

"After all, you are fond of what is old,"  
I said to her.

"But these songs are not old," she replied.  
"They are never old—on the contrary, always  
new and fresh. Perhaps you fancy I like  
them better because they are three and four  
hundred years old? Oh dear, no, it is all  
the same to me whether they were written  
only yesterday, or fourteen hundred years  
ago—so long as they are pretty, I like  
them."

"You are right," said Corpus Juris,  
"songs are never old. In those days people  
understood how to write poetry, now that  
art is sadly deteriorated."

"I don't know that," exclaimed the Old  
Man: "on the contrary, I should think the  
weak germs which were hid in those songs  
have unfolded themselves in our day in a  
new species of lyric poetry, in the full, clear



tones of which are expressed, now sadness and sorrow, now joyous, triumphant gladness, such as the singers of past ages could but feebly shadow forth."

They were now in full dispute; the Old Man and Corpus Juris led the way, Emmy and Andrea Margrethé seconded them; these two last, oddly enough, had changed opinions, for it was now Emmy who, coinciding with the Old Man, preferred the new, whilst Andrea Margrethé, who was upon Corpus Juris's side, stood up for the old ditties. The dispute was pretty warm, particularly on Corpus Juris's part, not so much that the old Kjøempeviser were any object with him, but rather because he wished to defend Andrea Margrethé's opinion. Of course the clergyman's wife and I had to give our views on the subject, and gradually the dispute rose to that point

when each individual is satisfied if only he can hear himself speak, and is absolutely deaf to what the others may be saying. Now, as I had the strongest voice, I felt satisfied that I was having the best of it. In the midst of this violent debate in came the clergyman.

“Is there any chance of our having our dinner?” he asked.

“Immediately,” answered Andrea Margrethé, as she hurried away.

“What are you contending about?” inquired the parson, seating himself in the large easy chair.

Corpus Juris explained to him the point in dispute, and he listened attentively.

“I agree with Christopher,” at length the clergyman said. “I can’t imagine why people make so much fuss about the Kjøcm-peviser. If you compare them, you will

find ten or twelve with exactly the same thoughts and meaning ; I do not deny, however, that there is rich poetry amongst them, but it often appears such crude, undigested stuff, that it would require some artistic re-arrangement. You look absent, Nicolai ; what's your opinion on the matter ?”

“ Yes,” I answered carelessly ; the debate had lost its interest for me, since Andrea Margrethé had taken her departure.

“ You spoke sensibly there,” said the clergyman. “ You sit thinking of poetry, which is playing hide and seek with the dinner. Fortunately here comes Andrea Margrethé to summon us to table. May I have the honour ?” he added, as he most politely offered me his arm, pointing out to me the place of honour by his own side.

“ Nay, Christopher, as the eldest, should sit there,” objected his wife.

“No, Nicolai shall have that seat,” replied the parson; “he wished to give me my death blow this morning, therefore I now beg him to sit at my right hand, for we ought to return evil with good.”

Thus it was settled; besides, the Old Man was not in the least annoyed, nor had he any ambition for the seat of honour, declaring himself well satisfied with the place assigned to him between the hostess and Emmy.

Andrea Margrethé sat between Corpus Juris and myself, and I was just about to say something particularly amiable to her, when she gravely put her finger to her lips. The clergyman had begun to say the grace.

“Listen, Nicolai,” said the clergyman after the grace was ended; “that is a bad habit which I must at once rectify in you.

In the great Babel people are not accustomed to say grace, but at home with us we do so."

"But Nicolai could not know that," said his wife.

"That is the reason why I tell him," replied the parson.

I have already remarked, that people are particularly disposed to dispute at the dinner-table, and that experience I had confirmed also here. First, there were some skirmishes between Andrea Margrethé and her father about the dinner, which the clergyman criticised pretty severely. Andrea Margrethé meanwhile was by no means pleased with this criticism, which was so humiliating to her pride as temporary mistress of the house.

"I must say," wound up the pastor, "that our guests have met with a shabby

reception. But perhaps Andrea Margrethé has arranged it thus to surprise them."

"The dinner is plain but good," answered Andrea Margrethé; "*Persicos odi semper separatus.*"

"*Apparatus,*" said the Old Man, correcting her.

"Indeed? Papa always says *separatus.*"

"Do you often speak Latin?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Andrea Margrethé; "a plate is never broken without my saying, '*Sic transit gloria mundi;*' and when I want to beg my father for something, I invariably wind up with *sic voto, sic jubeo, stat pro natione voluntas.*"

"*Ratione,* not *natione,*" said the Old Man, again correcting her. "*Natione* gives the sentence quite another meaning."

"May be, but papa always says *natione.*"

"I give you permission with all my heart

to chatter in your bad Latin," said the clergyman, "if you will only let alone accusing me of having taught it you, for really it is no proof of filial affection that you deprive me in this fashion of my good name and reputation."

But the chief skirmish was occasioned by its being mentioned that *Lame Ané* was found outside of the kitchen begging for a few shillings. The Old Man had given her something, and was consequently severely attacked by *Corpus Juris*, who had no particular liking to *Lame Ané*, but declared that she spent in drink every thing that was given to her.

"People ought to be more severe with such vagrants;" he ended by saying, "they are allowed to go their own way in peace, therefore every country road is swarming with them."

“Oh, of course, people ought to be more severe,” replied the Old Man with evident bitterness; “the poor and unfortunate are flung into prison, in order that people may be free from the trouble of looking after them.”

“Not into prison, but in the poor-house,” answered Corpus Juris; “there they are amply provided for.”

“Have you tried what it is to be subject to a pauper establishment,” demanded the Old Man, “since you speak of the ‘ample’ provision made in them?”

“A poor-house is naturally not a palace,” was the reply, “but it is the usual resort of the needy; and there they are allowed to remain in quiet and comfort, and are not turned forth to utter destitution.”

This was the signal for a fresh dispute, and we all roused ourselves up to the ut-



most pitch of excitement; but Corpus Juris had pronounced his opinion with such decision, that he met with universal disapprobation. Even Andrea Margrethé, who had formerly been on his side, could no longer share his views, but attached herself to the opposite party, so that Corpus Juris stood quite alone opposed by the clergyman's wife, Emmy, Andrea Margrethé, the Old Man, and myself, who were all equally anxious to speak, leaving Corpus Juris scarcely time to answer a single question, before three or four new ones were put to him, and Corpus Juris ought to have been three times as argumentative as he was, to have been able to withstand the superior force arrayed against him, if for no other reason, because, at last, it was impossible to hear what was said.

The only one who remained silent was

the clergyman; he did not utter a single syllable, but crossing his arms upon the table, he looked first at one then at the other of the eager speakers, always with an air of the utmost astonishment, as if he would say, "I never in my life have heard the like of this!" At length, when Andrea Margrethé and I had proved to Corpus Juris that we were all frail mortals (a fact he had never attempted to deny), and the clergyman's wife had represented to him that there are many guileless poor people, while the Old Man and Emmy explained that society in general ought to practise justice, but individuals ought to practise compassion. Corpus Juris was brought to reason, and turning to Andrea Margrethé, he said—

"I must beg you to excuse me, if I have been too positive in my opinion; and, to

give you a proof that I really agree with you, I condemn myself to pay Lame Ané two marks."

So saying, he went forth and gave Lame Ané the two marks, for which act he was received on his return by loud praise, and herewith ended the dangerous mid-day meal, and there was no fear of further disputes for that day.

## CHAPTER V.

THE twilight hour had come—the quiet, pleasant twilight hour. Again we sat in confidential conversation around the large porcelain stove, which in its dark corner looked like a huge white ghost. Now the conversation was light and gay, led by Andrea Margrethé, then it took a calm, more serious turn, and then it was the Old Man and Emmy who directed it.

“But you have not yet seen Emmy’s room,” said Andrea Margrethé to me.

“Nor yet yours,” I answered.

"Oh, there is not much to be seen in mine. I have scarcely any time to be there, I have so much to attend to down here."

"If you care to see my sitting-room," said Emmy, "you may go up with me at once, before it becomes quite dark."

Away I went with Emmy up to the garret, her room being there.

"It is quite dark here, take care that you do not hurt yourself," she said to me; "give me your hand, and I will lead you."

Her small, delicate hand was placed in mine, as she slowly drew me after her; and indeed she would be a safe guide through all threatening dark shadows, I thought to myself.

"Stoop, or you will strike your head," she said to me, as she opened the door of her room. "It is altogether small, but one should learn to be satisfied with a little."

The room was indeed small, and yet it seemed to me so rich. In what its wealth consisted of I do not know, for there was no costly furniture, handsome carpet, or large mirrors with gilt frames: no, all was simple and plain; but everything was in such good keeping, there was an air of tranquillity over the whole, that it almost seemed to me as if these tables and chairs were living, as if one could easily spend hours in their company without wearying. There was a picture hanging upon the wall representing a number of good angels watching over a sleeping girl. It appeared to me that the picture represented this small chamber, for here also good angels watched, bringing calmness and peace into the souls of those who entered. I placed myself upon the tiny sofa, and looked slowly around me on all sides, I felt as if I wanted to take in

the impression of everything which I beheld, to treasure it indelibly in my memory. Exactly opposite to me there hung an old violin upon the wall, encircled by a wreath of immortelles. I looked at the violin, I looked at the wreath of immortelles without knowing exactly myself of what I was thinking at that moment.

"You are looking at the violin," said Emmy to me. "Perhaps you may care to know how it happens to be here: it belonged to my grandfather, that is the reason I keep it."

"Indeed—did he play the violin?" I asked, it was truly a most stupid question, but I felt I must say something, and did not really know what to say.

"Yes, he did. I can still perfectly remember him, I was ten years old when he died. I can recollect how he used to sit and

play upon his violin ; he played until tears used to come into my eyes, therefore I have always treasured that violin ; you perceive that I love every thing that is old," she added with a quiet smile.

"Yes, I observe that," I replied, "but I do not know how you can find time to think so much about old things, I am always thinking of what is new, of what is likely to happen ; there is so much that is before me, so much that is to be done—what lies behind me, is past, and never can return."

"This is the way with most people," said Emmy, "but that is the reason why they are filled with so much anxiety and discontent. In reminiscences dwell rest and peace which cannot be taken away from us. If we look forward in life, we are apt to be anxious and desponding with respect to what may come to pass ; if we look back,



we are safe and tranquil, and thank God for what He has given us.' First let us understand how to live in recollections of the past and in hope for the future, then we shall understand how to live properly."

Emmy said this in her usual gentle manner; it sounded more like as if she were expressing her own thoughts to herself, than that she was speaking to me. I was charmed to hear her speak, for not only in her words, but also in her voice and manners there was an expression of repose, and calmness of soul, which involuntarily communicated itself to me, so that while conversing with her, I had a sort of feeling that I was being raised to a better world, where there were not the anxieties and troubles here below, but where everything moved forward speechless and tranquil as the golden evening sky, hovering over the sinking sun.

And there was something in Emmy's manners which seemed so familiar to me, as if I had for a long, long time dwelt with her; it was some one else, of whom she so vividly reminded me, but who was that person? Who was it, who exactly like Emmy seemed as it were to live within herself, leaving the noisy bustling world to rush past her like a foaming water-fall, without allowing herself to be carried away by the stream? I thought and thought, but it was impossible for me to remember—each time that I looked away from Emmy, I fancied that I was on the very point of discovering it, but whenever I again fixed my eyes upon her fine, expressive countenance, upon her clear, intellectual eyes, away it vanished from my mind.

It had now gradually become quite dark, only a feeble light showed where the window

was, it was impossible to distinguish anything else; even Emmy, who had seated herself at my side, I could no longer see, I could merely hear her voice. She spoke, and I listened; at that moment I had forgot the clergyman and his wife, Corpus Juris, and Andrea Margrethé, and the Old Man. I had forgot every one; at that moment Emmy alone existed for me.

“Where is that homicide, Nicolai, gone?” resounded from a powerful voice in the passage beneath. I was so startled that I jumped up ever so high—these words came like a jarring sound upon the thoughts and frame of mind which influenced me at that minute.

“It is my father who is calling you,” said Emmy, as she rose; “come let us go down; besides, it has turned quite dark.”

Again she took my hand to lead me safely through the obscurity around; it

seemed to me as if my good angel were guiding me.

In the passage we met the clergyman with his study lamp in his hand, along with the Old Man.

“So is that you?” cried the parson, addressing himself to me. “What dark deeds were you pondering upon up yonder? Come with me to my study, and we shall have a pleasant chat, for I need a little recreation after my day’s work is ended.”

I followed, though half unwillingly; I would much have preferred remaining to talk with Emmy, but it would never have done to have refused the clergyman. When we reached the study the parson said, as he put down the lamp:

“I suppose you can smoke a pipe of tobacco, Nicolai?” (of course, that was the least of my accomplishments.) “I can

scarcely believe that you prefer cigars." I could not conscientiously deny that I preferred cigars.

"Oh fie, for shame," said the clergyman. "So you also belong to those over-refined young gentlemen who do not care for an honest pipe. I can now comprehend why you wished to annihilate my unfortunate meerschaum pipe, it was from pure spite and malice. But since you prefer smoking cigars, it is most fortunate that I——" here he stopped as he took a pipe down from the wall and examined it; I fancied he was going on to say: "that I have cigars;" but the parson continued, "that I have no cigars, for I should be reluctant to encourage you in the indulgence of luxuries. Yonder are the pipes—take which you please of them, and make yourself at home."

"You asked me this morning about my

library," said the clergyman as he seated himself in his rocking chair, and took two or three long puffs from his pipe. "Now, truth to tell, I have never been a friend to over reading; read a little but let it be good; rather read one good work ten times over, than an inferior work once—those are my views in that respect."

"You are of the same opinion, then, with that Arabian General who thought it was best to burn all collections of books," said the Old Man.

"A great quantity might be burned without any very great loss. However, I do not condemn reading in and for itself, but only over-reading. People should learn to live, and that can be more thoroughly and better learned than from books."

"But it is a hard, laborious way," the Old Man objected; "and by this means

many a one would never arrive so far as to perceive what he should learn."

"That may be all very true, but, on the other hand, there are persons who read so much that, from sheer learning they do not even know what is meant by to live. I can remember one of my acquaintances in my student days; he was a regular book worm. If by chance a month had passed without my having seen him, when we met I asked him, not how many books, but how many scores of books he had read since we had last seen each other. He intended to be a country clergyman like myself, but had never set his foot beyond the ramparts of the capital. At length I once induced him to accompany me on a visit to the house of one of my relations, who was also a clergyman in the country, but what astonished him more than anything was that the farm

labourers had never heard of Cicero. And yet that man intended to be a minister of the gospel in the country—how could he guide any one?”

“It is not necessary to go to such extremities,” said the Old Man. “There is a middle course, people can learn both from books and from life.”

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a poor cottager entered. The Old Man and I wanted to retire, but the clergyman said—

“Pray keep your seats; this is one of my parishioners, he will do you no harm I assure you—come in and sit down, Peer. Well, how goes it with you all at home?”

“Oh, thank you, so so,” said Peer, still standing in the doorway; “I have only come to bring you some money, sir.”



"That is very good of you, Peer ; I wish you would do that more frequently."

"But I hope you won't be angry, sir, that I have been so tardy in coming with it."

"No, you know very well, so long as you bring me money I am never angry. How are your wife and the children?"

"Well, they might be worse, but they might also be better."

"What nonsense you are talking? Ought you not to thank the Lord for all the blessings that you enjoy? Do you remember last year, when you broke your arm? that was indeed a sad, unfortunate time—but now that you are strong and healthy, and have your daily bread, ought you not to thank God with all your heart?"

"Yes," replied Peer, rather ashamed, "but we are not always what we ought to be."

"That is very true, Peer ; if, however, v

are not happy and contented, it is our own faults. The Lord sends us nothing but what is good ; we ourselves turn his gifts into evil.”

The clergyman walked up and down the room once or twice in silence, as if he wished to give Peer time to reflect upon what he had said. Then suddenly turning to quite another subject, he asked :—

“ Do you ever read the newspapers which I send you ? ”

“ Yes, and many thanks to you, sir—they give us very great pleasure.”

“ Are you sure you read them thoroughly ? ”

“ Yes we do, both foreign and home news, and who are dead, and everything else ; we read them all through.”

“ That is right—may the Lord be with you, Peer—remember me to your wife.”

“ Thank you, sir ; good bye ! ” and, bowing politely, Peer retreated.

"Now you have an example what kind of studies we pursue here," said the clergyman to us. "We read the newspapers from beginning to end—what do you say to that?"

It was the most unfortunate reading the clergyman could have chosen for his parishioners, for, according to the Old Man's opinion, the newspapers were downright ruin. The Old Man, however, restricted himself, out of respect for the parson, to saying, that more suitable reading might perhaps be found for peasants than newspapers.

"Of course," answered the clergyman, "Peer would assuredly derive far more benefit from his studies, if I were to lend him 'Schleiermacher on Christian Precepts,' and 'Richard Rothé on Moral Philosophy.'"

"There are numberless excellent books and works on devotion, which might be propagated among the lower orders," said the


Old Man, without allowing himself to be disturbed by the clergyman's speech.

"You are quite correct there ; but at last we shall have so many books on devotion that there will scarcely be any room left for religion. The lower classes are overstocked with catechisms, psalm books, and sermons, so that they will become in the end as tired of them as bakers' children of wheaten bread ; no, one should supply them in much smaller quantities, then they would be willing for more."

"What is one then to give them to read ?" asked the Old Man.

"Do you not hear ? newspapers to be sure. The contents are so varied that one can work upon them by many different ways. You should listen to what pious reflections Peer and I have frequently made over the newspapers. Now war breaks out

between France and Austria, and we investigate how far it is allowable to make war or not; then appears the death of some great general, and we think how transitory is all here below. Then there is a famine in some part of Germany, and we thank God for having given us such a rich harvest. To-day Peer was not in the humour to talk, but else, I must admit to my shame that he often knows more of the contents of the newspapers than I do myself. After all, it does not half so much signify what one reads, as how one reads. Last year there was a man in this parish who read his Bible so much that, at length, with the benevolent promptings of some Baptists, he fancied that he was possessed of a devil. The consequence was, that he would not work, for since the devil was in him, everything that he did was the devil's doing. His wife came to me, and



complained of his misery : do you know how I cured him?"

"No."

"With the help of 'Jeppe upon the Mountain,' I went down to him, took the Bible and the other religious books away from him, saying that, as a change, he might read, 'Jeppe upon the Mountain.' The man looked with the utmost astonishment at me, but as he had great respect for me, he yielded. The following day I went to him again, and 'Jeppe upon the Mountain' had produced the desired effect: the man had from that moment forgotten the devil, and only thought of 'Jeppe upon the Mountain.' I now casually begged him to come and help me to do a piece of work on the road. He instantly promised, for the people hereabouts are very obliging. Subsequently I lent him a couple of short narratives, which,

however, did not rivet his attention so much as 'Jeppe upon the Mountain.' I now conversed daily with him about what he had been reading, until, little by little, he took to his work again, his dark fancies disappeared, and at length, the whole story of the devil was forgotten."

The Old Man would not allow himself to be persuaded, declaring that, at any rate, people should stick to the sacred writings, and let the poor read them.

"That is all very well, but you are not to believe that without further ceremony you will get the peasantry only to read on holy subjects. Give Peer a robber romance by Alexander Magnus; that sort of a story he will read, but give him a well-written history, and he will lay it to one side; it would not be suitable to him. Nay, one must go slowly forward. The good Copenhageners

imagine that all people have gone to the grammar schools, and studied the classics like themselves. Believe me, the first thing to be done is to rouse attention and interest in different directions, and to bring that about, as I have said, the newspapers are very useful, when one understands how to employ them in the right way—afterwards one can always build further.”

In my own mind, I silently regretted that Corpus Juris was not present; it would have gladdened his heart to have heard this argument, although he does not read the newspapers quite in the same fashion as the clergyman and Peer.

“After all,” the parson began again after a short pause, “we ought to remember that we mortals are frail vessels, and small vessels, which very easily run over if too much is crammed into us. It is worth while, there-



fore, to find out the right measure. I have always been most cautious in this respect. I have also paid great attention to my daughters, and have guarded against cramming them too much. I do not believe that it would be a difficult task to count the books which Andrea Margrethé has read, and yet I am quite sure that she will be able to get through the world with the cargo of wisdom she has on board."

"But Emmy," I said, as my mind dwelt upon the gentle placid mood into which I had been brought when speaking to her.

"It is quite another thing with Emmy," answered the clergyman. "She has always gone her own way, indeed I might almost be tempted to say that she has educated herself. She was always fond of books—at first I endeavoured to put a stop to it, but it was of no avail: well, this was my argument—

everybody likes to go their own way; I won't at any rate force her, therefore I let her keep her books in peace. But ever since Christopher has begun to come here, it has been very much worse, and he has a great deal on his conscience: he smuggles one book into the house after another, so that at last I shall be obliged to build a small out-house to make room for her numerous books."

The Old Man sat with a strange, quiet smile, but made no effort to answer, his pipe had gone out as usual, and he himself looked as if he were going out, that is to say, his thoughts, for, on the clergyman beginning to relate various troubles which he had had in his community, and express his regret on that account, there the Old Man sat with a face beaming with happiness, as if he were greatly pleased at what he was hearing, playing away with the tassels of the sofa

cushions, leaving it to me to exclaim the necessary "indeed?" "no, really?" &c. &c. in their respective places.

Luckily I succeeded so well that the clergyman did not remark the Old Man's absence of mind, until unfortunately he himself seemed to have a foreboding that it was proper at last to express a certain amount of sympathy; so, just as the clergyman had ended a lengthy discription of the commotion that a few Mormons had made among his congregation, he asked if he had ever observed any Mormons here in these parts. Thus all my endeavours were upset, and I fully expected that a heavy thunder-storm would burst over the unfortunate Old Man, when to my utmost amazement the parson repeated with great patience his long harangue, a striking proof to me of the high favour in which the Old Man stands with

him, and I thought to myself: "you should also try the same dodge, Nicolai!"

The Old Man had now awakened from his dreams, and shewed more interest in the subject in question; I therefore concluded that my presence was no longer necessary, so I quietly stole out of the room in the hope of meeting Emmy or Andrea Margrethé. On crossing over to the sitting-room, I found Andrea Margrethé and Corpus Juris alone. The latter was occupied reading aloud some lyric poems, yet he did not look as if he were in a particularly poetical mood, for, on seeing me, he asked in an exceedingly fretful tone, what I wanted. I replied, that I wished to enjoy his and Andrea Margrethe's agreeable society, but that he was on no account to interrupt his reading.

It did not appear as if Corpus Juris had much inclination to continue; however, he

did so at Andrea Margrethé's request, but he read so badly that Andrea Margrethé at last begged me to read in his place. This nevertheless did not restore Corpus Juris to any better humour, and he set to criticising my reading in such a sarcastic manner, that undoubtably we should have ended in a violent quarrel, if Andrea Margrethé had not smoothed everything down with her good temper.

I wondered greatly what could have put Corpus Juris in such a disagreeable mood, for the whole day he had been singularly cheerful and good-humoured. At length I laid down the book, in the hope by so doing to re-establish peace, but in vain. Corpus Juris had entered into his critical vein, therefore woe to anything that fell into his hands, it was cut up without mercy or pity from beginning to end, no matter how

superior or good it might be; for when a person's mind is bent upon doing so he can find fault with everything. Corpus Juris no longer criticised my reading, but he attacked the poems themselves which I had been reading aloud. For instance I remember amongst others the poem which began with the words—

“Fly bird, fly—  
Over the waves of Fure lake;”

a poem of which I had always been exceedingly fond, but which now came in for sad treatment, especially the four concluding lines.

“Hast thou ne'er heard a sorrowful lay  
Even amidst the feathered tribe?  
To my quivering heart a good-night say—  
For my sadness I may not describe.”

“Quivering heart!” exclaimed Corpus Juris exasperated in the highest degree, as if it had been a personal insult to himself;

“what sort of a quivering heart is that to which ‘good-night is to be said? Is it to the poet’s own? That seems to me to be the nearest approach to the meaning, but what can the last line signify, ‘For my sadness I may not describe.’ Are the birds to tell him what he perfectly well knows before hand?”

“The words are, it is true, rather indistinct,” I ventured to reply, “yet I believe they may be defended. The poet’s own heart is naturally not meant but his beloved’s, in analogy with another of his poems in which he says: ‘my sweet little heart, of what are you thinking?’”

“What stuff that is,” exclaimed Corpus Juris, “I can imagine a person saying to his beloved: ‘my sweet little heart,’ but to say to her: ‘my quivering heart,’ that is downright nonsense.”

Just then the Old Man entered the room and I hastened to lay the matter before him. After he had heard our different opinions he calmly declared there was nothing to be said about it, for there was no meaning in the words, but that was something there could very seldom be found among our poets. This sweeping judgment was very far from satisfying Corpus Juris, on the contrary, it was just like new oil being poured upon a fire. Andrea Margrethé, who upon the whole was no great friend to much disputing had meanwhile left the room, and she now returned with Christmas cakes and mead, in the hope that this would be the best means of bringing the strife to an end; and she did not hope in vain, for whether it was the excellent mead, or whether it was Andrea Margrethé's clear mild eyes, at which it was impossible to look without re-



gaining one's good-humour, so it was, that Corpus Juris was appeased, and declared that after all there was much that was very pretty in the poem in question ; and this was really great concession on the part of one who had never hitherto in his life yielded so much as a hair's breadth from what he called his "just conviction."

## CHAPTER VI.

At supper we had the same places as at dinner-time, with this exception, that Andrea Margrethé had taken her position behind the tea-urn, much to my sorrow, for the huge copper coloured machine completely hid her sweet face, so that I could only now and then even hear her cheerful voice.

“Well, Nicolai,” said the clergyman to me, “how many times have you been to a dancing-booth this winter?”

"To a dancing-booth?" I repeated in astonishment.

"Now, father, why do you make use of that expression?" asked his wife. "Nicolai will scarcely know what to think of us—my husband means have you often been to balls this winter."

"Dear me, Nicolai understands perfectly well what is the meaning of going to a dancing-booth. I strongly advocate giving things their proper names. We should never appear to be better than we are. We are going to have a dancing-booth here ourselves, on Sunday, to the scandal of the whole community."

"Is there going to be a ball here?" I asked, greatly surprised.

"Did not I say that was a subject which Nicolai thoroughly understood. Look, his eyes are sparkling like two stars in his

head—yes, Nicolai, we are to have a dancing-booth, that is only too true, to my sorrow, to the scandal of the community, and to the tremendous joy of Andrea Margrethé, who, in fact, is the one who has arranged the whole affair. You can now judge for yourself, the correctness of what I say, that it is not I, but Andrea Margrethé who commands in this house, and I am obliged to accommodate myself to her wishes.”

The Old Man took upon himself to defend Andrea Margrethé, asserting that dancing was a most innocent amusement.

“So, indeed, you too, my son Brutus!” exclaimed the parson. “Ah! I knew full well if I did not agree to Andrea Margrethé’s wishes, I should have no peace in my own house for a fortnight to come, we men are weak creatures on every point,

particularly when one has a daughter like Andrea Margrethé."

I could not drink my tea for sheer delight. To have a ball and dance with Emmy, and Andrea Margrethé; that would be perfect enjoyment!

"Of what are you thinking?" the clergyman said to me. "You look so absent, perhaps you are thinking already of betrothing yourself?"

"Why do you talk to the young man about betrothing himself?" said the clergyman's wife. "You are only putting folly into his head."

"Do I say that he should engage himself?" asked the parson; "nay, both Christopher and Frederick shall be my witnesses—have I not many a time warned them not to engage themselves? Have I not told them that they should profit by my unfor-

fortunate example? How I had got one wife and two daughters just because one single time in my youth I committed the imprudence of engaging myself. Have I not said over and over again—Dear friends, eat, but do not over-eat yourselves—fall in love, but do not engage yourselves?”

“But you persist in talking so much about the matter, that at last they actually will go and engage themselves. There was not the smallest cause for you to speak to Nicolai on the subject.”

“With Nicolai,” replied the pastor, “it is quite another thing. A young man who attempts to murder me, who chats in a loud voice during the grace, and smokes a cigar instead of a pipe, there is no saving him, except he becomes engaged.—See, there sits Andrea Margrethé; you should take her, then you would get a wife just suited to

you. And you shall have the marriage ceremony performed gratis, that would be something gained."

Lucky it was that the Old Man had so strenuously instilled into my mind, that the worst thing a young man could do, was to betroth himself while a student, or most assuredly I should have become engaged at that very moment.

The clergyman remained for about an hour conversing with us. Then he bade us good night, and after expressing the hope that he might have the pleasure of seeing us the next morning at seven o'clock, he went away. I expected that the rest of us would also have to go to bed at once, but Andrea Margrethé assured me that it was not at all necessary; her father's sleeping apartment lay two rooms beyond the parlour, in which we were, so that we might

very well remain up an hour longer if only we would not speak too loud or dispute. Of course we promised this, and then the clergyman's wife left us, after having again impressed upon us the necessity of talking softly.

My thoughts were entirely taken up with the approaching ball, and as Andrea Margrethé's were also, we naturally drew together.

"You may fancy I had a hard battle to fight," said Andrea Margrethé; "and, as usual, I was obliged to stand alone, for Emmy never dares say anything except what my father wishes."

"It was not without reason that my father had scruples," answered Emmy. "You know very well that there are many among the community who are always anxious to oppose my father, and are de-



lighted to seize every opportunity of finding fault with him."

"If one is to care about what people say," replied Andrea Margrethé, "one might neither stand, nor walk, nor do any earthly thing."

"But you are aware that my father himself objects to dancing and evening parties, and that he is never very pleased when we are invited to dances."

"It is mere overstrictness on my father's part," said Andrea Margrethé, "what harm is there in dancing? The simplest thing to do is to appear to remark nothing, and take your own way."

Well, permission to have the party was given, and that was the principal object with me. I did not trouble myself about who or how many were coming. Emmy and Andrea Margrethé would be there, they

were my *instar omnium*, and, not to be behind-hand, I instantly begged each of them to spare me two dances.

“Two dances!” said Andrea Margrethé, “and I have already promised Frederick two, and Christopher one!”

“If you have promised Frederick two, you might also grant me two; why should he have more than I?”

Andrea Margrethé therefore promised me two dances, and Emmy the same number.

“And I will dance the Bord-dance with both of you,” I continued.

“But it is just the Bord-dance which I am going to dance with Frederick,” said Andrea Margrethé.

“And I am to dance it with Christopher,” said Emmy.

“Then I will take no lady for the Bord-dance, but place myself half way between

you two," I said, making the following hurried calculation in my own mind: Two dances with Emmy, and two with Andrea Margrethé, makes four dances. The Bord-dance with them both, that makes five dances; there will doubtless be two or three dances more, I will ask no lady for them, but station myself rather at Emmy's or Andrea Margrethé's side, and engage them whenever an opportunity offers; by that means I shall dance the whole evening with no one but Emmy and Andrea Margrethé—Oh, that will be delightful!

"Are you very fond of dancing?" I asked Andrea Margrethé.

"I would willingly dance from morning till night, every day, and I should never be tired," she answered.

"You cannot mean that," said Emmy.

"Indeed, I do mean it—and you are also

very fond of dancing, but you dare not say so for fear of papa."

"I have never concealed that I like dancing," answered Emmy.

"Yet every time that we are invited to a ball, you make some excuse."

"Because I know that my father is not anxious for us to go ; indeed, prefers that we should remain at home."

"That is of no consequence ; when we come home and have amused ourselves well, papa is always pleased."

"I say, shall we try a short dance now?" I asked Andrea Margrethé.

"No, it cannot be done, we shall wake my father."

"But we can dance quite softly—Frederick, you dance with Emmy, then I will take Andrea Margrethé. Christopher, you can sing—'Ach du lieber Augustin' for us,

and we will waltz quite lightly—no one will hear us.”

“But quite softly,” begged Andrea Margrethé, not able to withstand the temptation. “We will put out the lamp and draw up the blinds, then dance by moonlight.” So saying she put out the lamp, and drew up the blinds, allowing the light of the clear full moon to stream in upon us.

Then off Andrea Margrethé and I, and Emmy and Corpus Juris set to waltz in the moonlight, while the Old Man sat upon the sofa, and grunted “Ach du lieber Augustin” totally out of tune.

“You are singing false, Christopher,” I cried, and Andrea Margrethé began to join in at first quite softly, but little by little higher and higher—

“Ach du lieber Augustin  
Alles ist væk, væk, væk !”

“Quicker!” exclaimed Corpus Juris, who began to get excited, and now he too joined in humming the air. Without being at all aware of it ourselves, we kept singing louder and louder, and quicker and quicker—

“Alles ist væk, væk, væk—  
Væk, væk, væk, væk, væk, væk,  
Alles ist væk!”

But loud though we shouted the last “væk!” there was a voice yonder at the door which roared it still louder—we turned round terrified—there stood the clergyman in his night apparel, nightcap and all, staring at us like a dead man risen from his grave.

“Ach du lieber Augustin, Alles ist weg!” he cried; “I may sing that sure enough! Here’s a spectacle indeed, as bad as if the whole of the neighbourhood of Bidstrup had made this their rendezvous! and Nicolai, as

usual, is at the head of the mischief! So you have put out the lamp into the bargain, that no one might see what evil deeds you are up to!"

"Could you really hear us?" asked Andrea Margrethé, who was the first to sum up sufficient courage to speak.

"Do you ask whether I could hear you? I'll be bound the whole parish have heard you, and they will be saying that we have gone stark mad up here at the Parsonage: to have dancing and such an uproar every night of the holy Christmas time!"

"I am very sorry," began the Old Man.

"Yes, I am very sorry," repeated the parson interrupting him, "that I am obliged to break up your agreeable soirée, but I really must request you, ladies and gentlemen, to betake yourselves to your beds.

Good night to you all!" and so saying he disappeared.

"Ah, well, I suppose it is best for us to go to bed," said Andrea Margrethé with a gentle sigh. "Here are your lights, you know the way to the green and the blue guest chambers: Nicolai, you are to occupy the room alongside of theirs—your brothers will show you where it is."

But truth to tell, there was not one among us—not even the Old Man—who was at all inclined to retire to rest. Corpus Juris had gone and placed himself at the open window to cool himself. The rest of us followed him silently, and gazed out over the glorious wintry landscape, which stretched itself before us. A bluish white sheet of snow covered meadow and field. Silence and peace reigned over everything, and formed a striking contrast to the noise we had lately been making.



High up in the dark blue skies shone the clear full moon and the glittering stars down upon us, as if they would inspire our hearts with calmness and rest. Noiselessly as the light mist of night floated over trees and bushes, mute in its onward movement, yet it almost seemed to us as if there were a voice in the silence of the night. For some time we all stood perfectly quiet, none of us cared to speak. At length Corpus Juris suddenly burst forth—

“The quiet winter evening now  
Into the arms of night is gliding,  
And our forgetting time—Hark, how  
It seems in whispers, to be chiding.  
Protect us all, Oh! silent night,  
While on his couch each is reposing.”

Here the Old Man abruptly joined in—

“And should the dreams of one be bright,  
Pray wake him not, but leave him dosing.”

Then turning round quickly, they said a hasty good night, and hurried away.

I looked after them in astonishment; what was the meaning of this? I glanced from Andrea Margrethé to Emmy, who were still standing in silence at the window, and to my surprise I perceived, notwithstanding the pale moonlight, which cast a bluish white spectre-like tinge over everything, that their cheeks were glowing with vivid blushes.

I felt that I ought to show myself a chivalrous Troubadour, as well as my brothers. I searched among the stores of my memory to find something suitable. I knew a host of poems and songs by heart, but at that moment every one had vanished from my mind; all my endeavours to recall them were in vain; I cleared my throat two or three times—then saying good night, I took

my departure, provoked at my forgetfulness and awkwardness.

As I ascended the stairs, I could hear the Old Man and Corpus Juris talking softly together above, but at that moment I was not inclined for a friendly evening chat, such as we often are in the habit of having at home in Copenhagen. Moreover, the Old Man and Corpus Juris had become silent when I had reached the top.

There were three guest chambers, each leading from the same corridor, but one communicating with the other by doors, and these were left open for the sake of greater sociability. This evening, however, none of us expressed a desire for any such sociability. We bade each other a hurried good night, and each repaired to his own chamber.

## CHAPTER VII.

I WAS somewhat out of spirits at my last unfortunate attempt; my dejection, however, did not last long, for in the first place it is not in my nature to give myself up to crotchets; and secondly, this, my first day in Nöddebo Parsonage, presented so many charming recollections which were constantly passing in review before my mind, that it was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep. What a delightful place this Parsonage was, what cheerfulness and

happiness dwelt here, and what a blessing it would be if one could see and hold converse with these delightful people every day: my thoughts, however, dwelt most with the daughters. In thinking of Emmy, it seemed to me as if the peaceful soothing mood I had been sensible of while conversing with her, still hovered over me; repeatedly her words sounded in my ears: "I love everything old, for in what is old dwells recollections full of peace and repose." Truly, there did dwell peace in recollections. I experienced this myself as I mentally passed in review the whole day, and summed it all up together.

Then I thought of Andrea Margrethé, how lively and talkative she was, and how she laughed—yes, that was most extraordinary. It is a remark of the Old Man's that no one can laugh so much as a young

girl, consequently I have come to the conclusion that young girls must be the most perfect of all living creatures. The celebrated Dean Swift has said, that the distinction between man and beast is, that the former can laugh; hence I further infer, that the more a person laughs the more perfect that person must be; since, then, young girls laugh most, they must naturally be the most perfect of beings.

I could not go to sleep; I lay thinking of the Parsonage where I had been so happy the whole day; and suddenly what I had hitherto only dimly suspected, stood clear and distinct before my soul, and an inward voice whispered to me with great decision: "Nicolai, you shall here engage yourself!" Yes, it must be so, there could be no doubt of it. That was the reason why a parsonage had always appeared to

my mind's eye in such glorious colours ; why I had always rejoiced at merely hearing the word "parsonage," simply because some day or other my fate would be decided in a parsonage, and just such a parsonage as this it would be, I was quite convinced of that. What pleasant people they were here, from the very first moment they had received me, as if I had been a son of the house ; no doubt they also had an idea that I wish to marry into the family. The clergyman himself had even told me that I ought to do so ; it is true, he had said so in jest, but *hæ nugæ ad seria ducunt* : the day would come when it would be in earnest. Without knowing it the clergyman had spoken like a prophet. But four or five long years must intervene, for I will not engage myself as a student, I am determined upon that point ; during these years

I will work, work with all my might, then will come the reward. I will pass my examination in the summer-time, not at Christmas, for summer is, after all, the best period of the year to betroth oneself. As soon as ever I have got over the examination, I will start that same day at half-past two o'clock by rail for Roskilde. No, by-the-bye, the examination will not be finished until four o'clock. Very well, then I will take the evening train at seven, and at eight o'clock I shall be at Roskilde. There I shall procure a horse, and have such a splendid ride in the calm summer evening along Roskilde Fiord. I may ride slowly at first, in a pensive mood, but when I approach the Parsonage, I shall set off at a gallop. The thundering of my horse's hoofs will bring everybody to the door. I shall spring from my steed, and relate how



I have succeeded, and then I shall say—  
alas! what I was to say I never was able to  
reflect upon properly, for every time I came  
so far my thoughts reverted to Roskilde,  
where I mounted my horse, and again went  
riding along the lake till I reached the Par-  
sonage, and flung myself from my saddle;  
then back I came to Roskilde, and thus I  
kept riding backwards and forwards, and  
jumping upon, and springing off, my horse,  
until I finally fell asleep, and dreamed that  
I was in the act of jumping upon the horse  
in the gymnastic hall, but each time that I  
was about to take the final bound, the Old  
Man's and Corpus Juris' legs were stretched  
in my way, and head and heels over I went,  
having only to recommence my attempts  
with always the same unhappy results.

\* \* \* \*

“Does your highness wish a shower bath

or a douche bath?" — I woke with these words being said to me the next morning, while at the same time a few drops of cold water, falling upon my nose, announced to me that there was not much time left for me to choose. I sprang partially up—there stood the parson holding the water-can over my head.

"It is—it is surely not eight o'clock yet," said I, as I stretched myself again comfortably in my bed.

"And do you fancy that you have come out here to lie in bed until the morning is far spent?" was the answer. "The rest of us Christians have already sung our morning psalm, but of course you are not accustomed to that."

"Are the Ol—are Christopher, I mean, and Frederick up already?"

"What does it signify to you what Chris-

topher and Frederick are doing? Be quick, then we can go and take a morning walk together, and I will show you all that is worth seeing in the town of Nöddebo."

As it was evident that the pastor did not intend to leave me until I was dressed, I got ready as fast as I could. The Old Man was up already, but as I went past Corpus Juris's room, I perceived that he was still sleeping soundly. I had the greatest possible inclination to run in and wake him, for why should he be enjoying himself more than I was? but the clergyman seized me by the arm, saying: "Just have the goodness to pass on yourself and leave Frederick in peace."

As we went through the entrance hall, we met Andrea Margrethé. She seemed to be very busy, she had tied a large white apron on, and, if possible, looked more joyous

than the day before. "Good morning," she exclaimed, "will you not take a cup of tea before you go out?"

"Nicolai shall first go with me and see the curiosities of Nöddebo," said the clergyman, "after that he can come home and drink some tea."

I need not say, that I did not care in the least about the curiosities of Nöddebo, and would much rather have stopped at home and drank tea with Andrea Margrethé; but, as I have already remarked, it would not do to contradict the parson, therefore I followed him.

"In the Parsonage itself there is nothing more to be seen," began the good man; "I must request you, however, to examine this dog kennel; you perceive that the entrance is built in the arched style, which explains that it must be very ancient."

"Where has the dog gone?" I asked.

"He roams about at large and eats the chickens."

"But why is it allowed to go about at large?" I enquired in astonishment.

"Because my wife and children will have it so, and I am forced to hold my tongue. That is what you will learn to do too, when you are married and have a wife and children."

It appeared to me very strange, that the parson talked so much about his wife and daughters ordering everything, when in reality, he had his own way in all respects—nay, I fancied indeed that he often addressed them with much harshness. I could not prevent myself from hinting a few words to that effect.

"So indeed," said the clergyman, suddenly standing still, and gazing at me with a

penetrating glance, which made me drop my eyes to the ground, though I had observed that a humorous smile played round his lips. "That really is your honest opinion? You must not go and tell tales out of school, if I confide a secret to you ; it is this, when one has to do with ladies, it is best not to inform them how much one cares for them, for it is not good for them to hear it. This however belongs to those things which you will learn from experience, as soon as you are married yourself." Having delivered himself of this speech, he turned round sharply, and we pursued our way.

It was a splendid morning with which the day began. The allée of low willows, which leads to the Parsonage, and which in summer is insignificant and mean looking, glistened now in its magnificent wintry garb, besprinkled from top to bottom with

hoarfrost, amidst which the rays of the sun sparkled in a thousand playful forms. The sun had already risen some distance in the sky, and, as it were, bathed the hard frozen ground in its ocean of flaming light.

“Open your eyes and look well about you,” the clergyman said to me, “and thank the Lord for having given you eyes to behold this glorious scene, and thank me too for having made you open your eyes. Just glance yonder,” he continued, as he stretched out his hand in the direction of the snow-covered banks of the frozen fiord :

*“Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum  
Nøddebo, nec jam sustineant onus  
Silvæ laborantes, geluque  
Flumina constiterint acuto.”*

Charming though it was, I nevertheless thought that it was far more charming at home, where I could be sitting undisturbed with Emmy and Andrea Margrethé, so I let

a word or two fall to the effect, that it was rather cold now, and perhaps it would be better to wait until the day was more advanced to take a walk, for then the weather would be milder.

"The day more advanced," repeated the parson; "oh true, I had forgotten entirely that you had been merry-making and dancing last night. Ah, perhaps you would prefer to return home at present and go back to bed, we can then take a short morning walk at seven o'clock in the evening, and proceed home at night to dance the Julia Hopsasa."

As I was not anxious that the clergyman should expatiate further on this subject, I hastened to assure him, that I was very glad to have come out so early, for after all the morning was the most pleasant time of day, everything looked so fresh and delightful.



"You are speaking reasonably now," said the clergyman; "though it is exactly the opposite to what you were saying a second ago; however, that is of no consequence."

We had now reached the banks of the fiord, along them ran a broad path, upon the edge of which grew here and there some filbert bushes.

"Here you see the Lange Linie,"\* said the clergyman. "In the forenoon you will meet the beau monde of Nöddebo here, that is to say my wife and daughters, for the rest of the population of the town consider it a useless luxury to walk."

We passed a small house, which looked in rather a dilapidated state. The clergyman turned suddenly round towards me, and asked if I were a friend of the peasantry.

\* Lange Linie, a fashionable walk and drive in Copenhagen, along the shores of the Sound.

“Oh yes, in a way,” I answered, slowly; for notwithstanding Corpus Juris’s endeavours, I have no very clear notion of my political views.

“You are not quite certain,” said the clergyman, “or I might have told you, that in this cottage you could refresh yourself by a conversation with a congenial spirit. Peder Sörensen, who resides here, is the greatest politician of the town, to whom it would afford much pleasure to explain to you, in a learned discourse, that the library of the university ought to be converted into a grocer’s shop, that the professors ought to be turned into the royal body guard, and that the clergy should be set to watch the geese. As regards the last, I really do not think that there is cause to complain, as long as we have many of Peder Sörensen’s party among us.”

After having proceeded a short way along the fiord, we crossed the meadows and approached the village. The white cottages lay close one by the side of the other ; here and there a column of smoke curled slowly in the air. Upon a small eminence in the centre of the town rose a tiled building, the yellow walls of which shone brightly in the sunlight, and brought it forth clearly from the surrounding white houses.

“That is of course the school?” I asked, as I pointed up to the edifice.

“That is the university,” answered the clergyman, correcting me. “There comes one of the sons of Athens Pallas, a young freshman,” he added, as he pointed to an urchin of four years of age, who was advancing towards us munching a large apple.

“Good day, my boy,” said the clergyman to him ; “why do you not take your cap

off to your pastor—politeness is most becoming a young man like you.” The boy instantly pulled off his cap and stood staring at us with his cap in one hand and the apple in the other. “How is your father? Has he got well again?” enquired the clergyman. The boy did not answer, mute from astonishment or fright, he remained motionless where he was.

“Don’t let us disturb him,” said the clergyman, as he seized my arm and walked on with me. “As you perceive, he is absorbed in his political reflections, and doubtless is deliberating to what changes the law should be subjected, to answer the requirements of the day most effectually. Depend upon it, that boy is destined to be a minister, or perhaps even a journalist, he seemed to me to have such a sinister expression. Just look, look, there comes Rector Magnificus in

his own important person," exclaimed the clergyman, pointing to a tall, thin man in a thread-bare coat, with a purplish nose, who at that moment came out of the door of the school-house.

"Does he drink?" I asked.

"Not more than is necessary to inspire his genius, when he has to fulfil the duties of his office, as he is wont to say."

Just then the schoolmaster came towards us, and after having greeted us, offered to show me over the school. It was soon inspected, and the clergyman asked for the keys of the church, that he might take me through it.

The church was situated in the outskirts of the village, the churchyard was connected with the garden of the Parsonage by a short allée of Lindens. The churchyard appeared to be kept in very good order, but just then

all the graves were covered with a sheet of snow, above which here and there rose a cross or a tombstone.

There was nothing very peculiar about the church itself, it was exactly like all our village churches. The only thing that rivetted my attention, was the small organ, so I asked the clergyman if the schoolmaster played well upon the organ.

“He does not play badly,” he replied ; “only he takes a great delight in sundry artistic shakes. In what, however, he is most remarkable, is his management of the bells. Every time they are to toll for a funeral, the bells ring so cheerfully and gaily—‘linge, linge, lingeling ;’ if they are to chime for a wedding, they ring quite slowly and solemnly—‘bim-bam, bim-bam, bim-bam.’”

“Why does he ring so ?” I asked.

"The man is a philosopher," answered the clergyman; "he was married himself for eight years, and he is now giving forth in his peals of the bells the fruits of his experience in life.

I expressed a desire to try the organ myself, so I mounted up to it, while the clergyman seated himself in one of the pews. Although the organ was small, the tones sounded sweet and harmonious through the vaulted church. After having played many old psalm tunes through, and lastly "He who is guided by the Lord," I again descended to the body of the church, where I found the clergyman sitting, looking very grave, his head supported by one hand, deeply absorbed in his own thoughts.

"Yes, 'He who is guided by the Lord,'" he exclaimed, when I reached him; "but

this is a difficult lesson to learn. We ourselves wish to rule everything, and that is the reason all goes so badly. We lay vast plans for the future—this year we will do this, the next that, and the third year so and so : and if all does not turn out according to our desires, we get out of spirits and desponding, and fancy that we have been fearfully wronged by fate. The merchant wishes to acquire a certain amount of money, the man of letters is anxious to write so many books, the statesman is eager to carry out this or that reform, and if they do not succeed, then they are the most unhappy of human beings, and think themselves justified in complaining. I have preached on this subject all the years I have been here, and yet—old though I am—I am myself constantly building castles in the air, and laying plans for the future, and getting out of



humour when they do not succeed—for I can preach well enough, but I cannot act up to it.”

“Still,” I ventured to remark, as my thoughts reverted to my own plans for the future, which I had been framing the night before, and which also extended to a tolerably distant period, “it is nevertheless necessary for one to form certain plans, by which we may be guided, or else one would surely act blindly, according merely to the impulse of the moment.”

“Of course one must be guided by certain plans. I have not denied that, but we should never set our hearts upon the realization of those plans, lest things should not come to pass exactly as we, in our wisdom, fancy the best. But on this very point, it is that our obstinacy and wilfulness are so apparent. For it is not so much the actual fact, that

our wishes are not fulfilled, which rouses our indignation, so much as the circumstance, that *our* will has not been carried out, that *we* could not regulate everything, and execute it as we had determined from the first. What are after all our numerous plans? Foolishness and delusions. It is bad enough in the world as it is, but it would be still worse, if everything happened according to our wishes. Hence it is a blessing that there is one who has reserved for Himself His veto, and occasionally checks us when we are too impetuous. Come now let us go home and take our breakfast!"

With this somewhat abrupt conclusion to the conversation the clergyman rose, and we left the church. Silently we proceeded across the church-yard, along the short allée of Lindens, into the Parsonage gardens. Each of us had our own peculiar thoughts. I

pondered over my dreams of the evening before, which ill accorded with the clergyman's conversation. But if you are not permitted to build castles in the air when you are young, what are you to do? Daily life is too monotonous to be put up with: it is like going day by day in a large treadmill—you are literally obliged, occasionally, for the sake of a little pleasant variety, to picture to yourself the future, as it might be, if we were permitted to have our own way and direct events.

By this time we again entered the sitting room. Behind the tea-table and upon the sofa, sat Corpus Juris and Andrea Margrethé, while Emmy, her mother, and the Old Man, had placed themselves round a small side table near the window. Emmy wished me good morning, as I came in; a ray of the sun fell upon her clear fair brow, peace and

tranquillity were stamped upon her countenance, and seemed to be communicated to everyone who approached her. The Old Man, who was sitting by her side, also looked unutterably happy; in one hand he held his pipe, which, as usual, had gone out, while in the other he had a bunch of keys, which he rattled without intermission, as if he wanted to keep up an accompaniment to the conversation. Corpus Juris, who was sitting by the side of Andrea Margrethé, also appeared to be in an unusually sunny humour. He talked and laughed, till I was absolutely astonished, for this was quite another Corpus Juris from what I was accustomed to see other mornings. It was not merely on this occasion, but generally every morning that we spent at Nöddebo, that he made himself so amiable, and that too notwithstanding he never got a glimpse of the "Dagblad," for

the clergyman did not take in this newspaper. I was greatly tempted to believe that it was Andrea Margrethé who exercised the same effect upon him as the "Dagblad" usually does, though, to be sure, in a far higher degree, for whereas he always has to study his favorite newspaper at least one hour before he gets into a good humour, he scarcely needs to look one second at Andrea Margrethé before he is changed into a new man.

I remained standing in the middle of the floor contemplating these two groups, the one on the sofa, the other near the window, and was not quite certain which I should join, when Andrea Margrethé decided for me, by inviting me to come to the breakfast table on the other side of Corpus Juris. She had no sooner said that than his good humour vanished, and he again began to be fretful

and morose. In the first place, he complained that I trod upon his toes, as I was sitting down; then he reproved me because I asked for more sugar in my tea; in short, he addressed me in such a manner, that Andrea Margrethé had to beg him to remember that I was no longer a child, and knew perfectly well how to behave myself.

Altogether Corpus Juris's conduct towards me the whole day was extraordinary. At home at Vestergade we were always the best of friends, here in Nöddebo, on the contrary, I could not come within three paces of him without his beginning immediately to fret at me. It was impossible for me to discover what provocation I had given him. I reviewed in my own mind all my words and actions, to find out if by chance I had offended him in some way or other—but in vain; I was conscious of nothing of the sort.

On the other hand, it was natural that such unkind behaviour on Corpus Juris's part, should not make me more amiable. Indeed I began gradually to bear a sort of grudge against him ; for while in the morning I was obliged to get out of my warm bed to take an early walk with the parson, Corpus Juris was permitted to lie comfortably enjoying himself to his heart's content ; afterwards he had time for an undisturbed chat with Andrea Margrethé, and on my venturing to take part in it, I was treated in this unkind manner—it was not brotherly conduct at all ! Meanwhile Andrea Margrethé was so amiable and laughed so gaily, that it was impossible that anybody's fretful, disagreeable mood should last long.

Glancing out of the window, by chance I perceived the watch-dog before alluded to walking past, so I asked Andrea Margrethé

why it was allowed to roam about free, since, according to her father's account, it was such an enemy to the chickens.

"He is not an enemy to the chickens," answered Andrea Margrethé; "only once, when he was a puppy, he was playing with a chicken and happened to bite it to death, that is all."

"His puppy years have lasted tolerably long then," said the clergyman, "for it was only last week that I found him in the hen-house, and had to chase him away."

"Oh, he was merely after the rats," replied Andrea Margrethé, who was never at a loss for an answer. "There are so many rats in the hen-house."

"Rats!" cried the parson; "they must be then two-legged rats with wings—I should be very glad to have some of those rats for my dinner! Bless me, what has



become of my large yellow cock," he continued, as he looked out of the window, where the poultry were being fed; "perhaps Trofast has also mistaken *it* for a rat?"

"Look, there it comes," said Andrea Margrethé, pointing towards a splendid cock, which, with a slow and majestic step, came through the gate, and joined the rest of the poultry.

"Is it not a splendid animal?" said the clergyman, turning to me. "You won't find an equal to that cock in the whole parish; see how it flaps its wings, and proudly struts about among all its wives: now that is the only Mormon whom I tolerate in this Parsonage."

At the sight of that cock, a thought suddenly entered my mind, which had been ripening since the morning.

A short while after the clergyman took

his watch from his pocket, as he said : " It is time I should be going to my work. It is past nine o'clock already. What do you intend to do with yourself, Nicolai ? perhaps you would like to go back to your bed ? "

" I will stop where I am, " I replied, remaining sitting where I was.

" That is to say, you will remain with Andrea Margrethé : recollect what I said to you yesterday evening. It is very considerate of you, that you are anxious to make the necessary preparations, before you strike the grand blow. Good luck attend you, Nicolai ! "

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN the clergyman had taken his departure, there was a short pause in the conversation. I was quite shocked at his last words, and I felt the blood rushing violently to my heart. It was quite the contrary with Andrea Margrethé and Emmy ; they both remained perfectly calm, as if nothing had been said. As far as Emmy was concerned, there was nothing remarkable in that, for she always retained her quiet, tranquil manner ; but with Andrea Margrethé it was

quite another case. She never used to keep silent when the clergyman said anything of which she did not approve, but was wont undauntedly to reply. On the present occasion, however, she was silent; it was evident that she as well as Emmy had thought over the matter, and that they had both come to the same conclusion as I had myself. It cannot be now, but by and bye, in the course of three or four years, the time will come when it will be spoken of openly and without reserve. I even observed that Andrea Margrethé cast a sly glance at Corpus Juris, as if she wished to call him her brother-in-law that is to be. He, however, did not seem to remark it; he rose, strode once or twice hurriedly up and down the floor like a person who was impatiently waiting for somebody, and then suddenly asked, if we had not better go and take a walk.

"Oh, let us go and skate upon the fiord," said Andrea Margrethé, "of course you can skate, Nicolai?"

"Certainly," I confidently replied. It is true I have never tried it before, but where Andrea Margrethé and Emmy could venture I certainly might follow.

"That is charming," said Andrea Margrethé, "for neither of your brothers can skate."

"Nay," exclaimed Corpus Juris, "I rather think I can now."

I was perfectly dumbfounded on hearing this, for I had never seen Corpus Juris even practise skating.

The only person who made any objection to our skating was the clergyman's wife. She must surely have had a suspicion of the extent of my capabilities in this accomplishment, for she earnestly begged me to

let it alone. Andrea Margrethé, on the contrary, persisted that there was not the slightest danger; if I fell, she would help me up again. At length her mother gave way.

Meanwhile a new difficulty arose with respect to the skates. For though both Andrea Margrethé and Emmy had each a pair of skates, and offered to lend them to us, it was soon discovered that their feet were by no means of the same dimensions as ours. Andrea Margrethé quickly overcame this dilemma by suggesting that we should go down to the school-master, and borrow his son's skates.

So off we set, followed by the exhortations of the clergyman's wife, who remained standing at the doorway, and now and then calling after me to be careful. We proceeded through the allée of willows.

“Just look at these old willow trees,” said Andrea Margrethé, “that father will not have removed. How crooked and bent they stand side by side. Would it not be far nicer to cut them down and to plant a pretty, regular allée of Lindens instead?”

The old willow trees found in Emmy a warm defender.

“Many an evening hour my grandfather used to wander amidst these willow trees,” she said, “and watch the sun go down over the bank of the fiord yonder in the west — and yet you would cut them down?”

“Yes, why should we let everything stand as it was in my grandfather’s time,” exclaimed Andrea Margrethé. “At last we shall be obliged to evacuate the Parsonage ourselves, else I do not know how we shall be able to find room for all the ancient trees

and ancient furniture which you wish to preserve. Am I not right, Frederick?"

"Yes, certainly you are right," he answered, as he stooped down and pulled up a small willow shoot from the ground, as if he were anxious to contribute his best to bring old things to an end as speedily as possible. "However, it is not only the case here, but in every possible direction—we attach far too much importance to all that is old. We advance much too slowly, we keep pertinaciously to our usual jog-trot ways; many a time I have exclaimed—

*"Wann wird doch das Blatt sich wenden,  
Und das Reich der Alten enden?"*

But wait a little; the rising generation will soon come forward, then we shall see other things; it will have energy to—to—"

"To compile newspaper;" the Old Man concluded the sentence in a tolerably sharp



tone. Corpus Juris was not disposed to allow the glove, which had been flung down before him to lie untouched, but happily at that moment we approached the school-master's house, and while trying on the skates, the point in debate was forgotten.

As we drew near the fiord a large bird flew over our heads.

"Look, a gull, a gull!" cried Andrea Margrethé.

"Is that a very remarkable circumstance?" I asked.

"It is not remarkable, but it is amusing. I never can see a gull without envying it."

"Why do you envy it?"

"Think if one could fly far, far away like it, and behold distant, foreign countries, how charming it would be!" and Andrea followed the flight of the bird with longing eyes.

We reached the fiord, and while Corpus Juris and I carefully examined the ground to find where we could best venture to start, Emmy and Andrea Margrethé were a long way off out upon the smooth surface. They flew along with such lightness and confidence that the thought of the figures we should cut by the side of them, quite oppressed Corpus Juris and myself.

“Shall I trace my name with my skate?” Andrea Margrethé cried to us, and with a few rapid twirls she had skated *Andrea Margrethé*. “And now yours,” she cried to Corpus Juris, and instantly an elegant *Frederick* stood at its side.

“Won’t you also mark out my name?” I asked.

“Come and do it yourself,” was her answer; “surely you don’t intend to remain standing the whole day upon the bank.”

Truth to tell, both Corpus Juris and I were much inclined to stop on the bank, at all events neither of us had made any preparations to set off. As to the Old Man, he had quietly taken a seat upon a large stone under a tree; he had not, however, said that he could skate. Like a wise General, Corpus Juris declared that he would for the present remain on shore, for, should any accident happen to me, he could instantly hasten to my aid.

I thought, for my part, that one could just as well dash into it, as creep into it, so I began to buckle on the skates. Presently I was out upon the ice—fortune favours the bold—that was indeed a true saying—I was quite astonished how well I could skate. Of course my first attempts were somewhat uncertain, and I went swinging backwards and forwards, like the mast of a ship in a storm,

but I soon gained more confidence in myself, until finally Andrea Margrethé declared, if only I had a little more practice, I should soon be able to skate as well as she did. She then proposed that I should take her hand, and that we should both hasten after Emmy, who had skated a good distance up the fiord. I consented immediately, and off we set at once. The further out we went, the faster we flew along—at length we sighted Emmy. She cried out something to us, which we could not understand. She continued to call louder, and we fancied she screamed “A gull! a gull!” We considered that that was no reason why we should stop, so continued skating onwards. She had cried on the contrary, “A hole, a hole in the ice!” for there actually was one just in front of us, that had been made the day before, but in the course of the night had become

covered with a thin crust of ice, which prevented us from discerning it. We should infallibly have both skated right into the opening, had not the same good spirit, who watched over Polnatoki,\* when he was running down the pit, also now watched over us, by suddenly causing one of the straps of my skate to break, and away I fell full length in front of Andrea Margrethé, thus she was prevented from going on. She helped me up again, and by this time Emmy had come back, and explained to us what she had meant. So we all three

\* Polnatoki was a celebrated sea-rover who existed in the tenth century; he established himself in a stronghold named Johnsburg, where he gave laws to his adherents, and, according to some writers, made it a second Sparta. One law was peculiar—that no woman should be admitted into the place; but it is not recorded that this ordinance was rigorously carried out.—*Trans.*

turned our steps back to the beach, where we found Corpus Juris in the act of fastening on his skates, intending to hurry to my assistance, as he had promised. We approached the firm land just as Corpus Juris, with the utmost caution, and holding fast to some willow bushes, was about to venture upon the ice. I called to him to be of good courage, and being myself now in safety, it was a positive pleasure to be able to see him upon the ice. But Andrea Margrethé was decidedly against it, declaring that there might possibly be worse holes, he had better therefore wait until another time, when we had examined the ice more closely, and, at present, we had better go home. The Old Man and Emmy were of the same opinion, and as Corpus Juris himself had no particular inclination to venture out, we set off homewards.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate termination of my attempts, I was very well pleased with myself. I had shown that I could skate, and at any rate that was a great satisfaction to me. But what was even more satisfactory to me, was the prospect that I might often come out and enjoy this pleasure with Emmy and Andrea Margrethé. The latter is most anxious that we should go down again in the evening and skate by moonlight, which she describes as a particularly great pleasure. The Old Man objects, declaring that it would be highly imprudent, when, notwithstanding the daylight, we had run so much risk, how much more likely for us to do so in the uncertain moonlight. Andrea Margrethé persisted that this was exaggerated anxiety; we were now aware where the opening was, therefore we need not fear any longer, and

I skated so well, that I surely was not afraid.

I declared that I had not the smallest fear whatsoever; that, on the contrary, I should be exceedingly glad to go down again in the evening, and it was nothing but the truth, for I pretty well knew that neither the Old Man nor Corpus Juris would follow us, therefore I should have the pleasure of skating all alone with Andrea Margrethé.

I mentioned before that at the sight of the large cock, a plan had entered my brain. It was this: I have often hinted that there had arisen an unpleasant feeling between Corpus Juris and myself, and I considered myself wronged by him. The sight of the cock had given me an idea of revenge. I had frequently heard it said that it was most amusing to put a cock into a bed-room,



and to see the horror of its occupant when he was suddenly awoke by the crowing of the cock. Now it had occurred to me to try this upon Corpus Juris the next morning, for it had been no small annoyance to me to see him taking his morning nap in all comfort, while I had been obliged to go for an early walk with the clergyman. As it is always in such undertakings good to have an accomplice, I determined to mention the matter to Andrea Margrethé, she would doubtless afford me active help. Sure enough she instantly fell into my plans with the greatest willingness, on my explaining to her what was to be done on such an occasion. But when I confided to her that it was Corpus Juris who was to be the object of our joke, she would not agree to it, for she was bent upon placing the cock in the Old Man's chamber. I was

much averse to this, as I had no cause to wake the Old Man, he had never been in the smallest degree unkind towards me; indeed, I had to thank him for having brought me to Nöddebo. But Andrea Margrethé obstinately adhered to her wish, and she even threatened if I did not give way, to disclose the whole affair to Corpus Juris. This was downright treachery on her part, but I was obliged to give in, so I consoled myself that, after all, it was of very little consequence in which room the cock was placed, for as the door was left open between the two rooms, in any case both of them would be awakened. Agreeing, at length, on that point, we concerted that in the evening, when the sun had gone down, and before the moon had risen, we should steal out to the hen-house and take possession of the cock. After it had become dark would

be the best time; the cock itself would then be asleep, and we might get there unobserved, without anyone betraying our project to either the Old Man or Corpus Juris.

Everyone who has laid a plan, whether it be great or little, invariably awaits with impatience the moment when it can be carried out. I, too, longed impatiently for the moment when the dusk would come. It arrived at length, and I was anxious to start instantly, but Andrea Margrethé thought that, for the sake of safety, it was wiser to wait until near five o'clock, for by that time it would be sure to be dark; I was therefore obliged to control my impatience another hour; then, however, new difficulties arose. Corpus Juris watched with Argus eyes every movement of Andrea Margrethé and mine, so that I was almost

tempted to believe that our plan had been betrayed to him, though it was impossible for me to conceive by whom. As soon as Andrea Margrethé rose to leave the room, and I got up to follow her, Corpus Juris instantly asked where we were going. It is true, Andrea Margrethé evaded him two or three times by saying that she had to look after something in the kitchen; the consequence was, however, that I was forced to remain behind; and once, when I made an attempt to get out with her by offering her my society, Corpus Juris declared that he would also go with her. At length Andrea Margrethé found a moment when, unobserved, she could whisper to me to go out first and wait for her in the parlour, she would soon join me. By this means we succeeded in eluding Corpus Juris's vigilance, though I dreaded lest he should watch

our movements from the window. But on descending into the court, I perceived that all the shutters were closed, so that in this respect we need not be disquieted.

Upon the whole, it was not as dark as we should have wished. Above us shone the clear stars, and beneath us the snow had spread its light covering over everything, so that consequently anyone who went across the spacious court-yard might easily be discerned ; we therefore stood still for a second, looking about us, but there was nothing that could cause us any uneasiness. Every door and shutter was closed ; the only spot where we could see light was between the blinds of the clergyman's study, but from the shadow which moved backwards and forwards, we came to the conclusion that he was walking up and down the room, probably absorbed in his new-

year's sermon ; hence we had nothing to fear in that quarter. Deep silence reigned around, only now and then we heard the watch-dog's distant bark. The moment was favourable ; with hurried steps we hastened across the court-yard towards the hen-house. Cautiously we opened the door ; here, too, all was silence and repose. The ducks were lying upon the floor sleeping with their heads under their wings ; up upon the shelves sat the fowls in close rows, and scarcely one of them turned its head when we opened the door. Andrea Margrethé wanted at first to go in and take the cock, because she was the most handy and was best acquainted with the localities of the place ; but the fowls were perched so high up, she could not reach them, I was therefore obliged to go in instead of her, while Andrea Margrethé kept watch at the door,

to see if anyone approached; at the same time she whispered to me to be very careful not to make any noise. I followed her instructions to the best of my ability, but it was no easy matter; it was so dark inside, that I had hard work to see before me. I had got safely to the other side, and was just about to lean forward and seize the cock, when, as ill luck would have it, I trod upon a duck, which was lying asleep upon the floor. It gave forth two or three loud cries, the whole flock instantly joined in, and terrible confusion ensued. All the fowls flew up, screaming as if for a wager with the ducks, and careered round and round, thwacking my head with their wings, until I was almost stunned.

In the midst of all this we heard a window open, and the clergyman's stentorian voice roared out:—

“Oh Niels! I declare there’s Trofast got into the hen-house again; run and chase him out, and give him a good thump or two!”

Neither Andrea Margrethé nor I had any inclination to personify Trofast with this prospect, and as we neither of us desired to be surprised by Niels *tête-à-tête* in the hen-house, we hastily determined to take flight. But by sundry heavy tramps, which were drawing nearer and nearer, we came to the conclusion that Niels had already taken the field, and it was impossible to get away unobserved.

“Let us hide ourselves in here—follow me!” whispered Andrea Margrethé, as she seized me by the arm, and drew me after her into a dark room, and pulled the door after us. It was the place where the firewood was kept, which adjoined the hen-house, into



which she had led me, and in which there was barely space for us two to stand.

Immediately after we could hear Niels marching into the hen-house, but it did not appear that his presence helped to quiet the uproar. The noise continued while Niels searched carefully in every direction. At length he went out again, and he cried to the clergyman that there was nothing to be found there ; Trofast must have run out again.

“Very well,” was the answer ; “give him a sound beating wherever you find him ; perhaps it is wisest to shut the door well and bar it, that Trofast may not again get in !”

Niels obeyed his orders, and shortly afterwards we could hear him departing with heavysteps. We stole out of our hiding-place—what were we to do now ? Thanks to the clergyman’s caution, we were in the position of two prisoners who could not escape. The

door to the room where the firewood was kept, which led into the court-yard, was barred, and now Niels had locked the hen-house. We searched for a crack in the door, through which possibly we might thrust a small stick, and by that means open the door, but in vain, there was not a single aperture or crack to be discovered, it seemed to be so solidly constructed that it might easily have been made use of as a real prison door. I proposed that we should knock loudly and call some one ; our shouts and thumps would soon be heard, as the kitchen and the servants' hall were not far distant. But Andrea Margrethé objected to this, for the consequence of our thumping and calling at such an unseemly hour and place, would be to bring out the whole establishment, both men and women, and we should become the objects of universal ridicule. She desired rather that

we should have a little patience—it would not be long before they would remark our absence in the drawing-room, and then either her mother, or Emmy, or one of my brothers, would come out to look for us, and then we might call to whoever it might be, to open the door. So we just composed ourselves to wait, but it was no great amusement. Our place of confinement was extremely uncomfortable; it was pitch dark, the air was suffocating, there was scarcely room to find footing, and we could not stir from the spot, for fear of again exciting general commotion. The situation in which we were, was most unpleasant, particularly for Andrea Margréthé. In order to endeavour to pass the time, we began to guess riddles; but it was of no avail—every second we broke off, and listened at the door, to hear if anyone were coming. In vain—it seemed as if the whole establishment had become extinct. By dint

of searching, I found a match in my waistcoat pocket. I determined to ignite it, although Andrea Margrethé cautioned me eagerly not to set fire to the whole Parsonage, and burn us both alive. I struck a light—for a moment all was bright around us, and I could take a survey of everything. Andrea Margrethé stood close by my side; with one hand she supported herself on my shoulder, with the other she held fast to the old splinter-bar, which hung from the wall. Behind us were all the fowls sitting in tight rows, staring in astonishment at us, while the ducks were lying down upon the floor, shoving against each other, and cackling forth their surprise at what could have induced us to have taken up our quarters with them. Just then the match went out, and we were left once more in utter darkness. How long we might have stood there I do not know: it ap-

peared to me to be a little eternity. At last I could endure it no longer, I lifted both my arms to strike a thundering blow at the door, when, at that instant, one of the doors in the opposite side of the Parsonage was opened, and we heard a number of voices talking all at once, but the Old Man's and Corpus Juris's drowned all the others. Soon after we heard a trampling of steps galloping across the court-yard and out of the gate—then all was still again. We waited to see if anyone should approach us ; but no, not a soul came. Everything was as quiet as it had been before. In all probability the servants had been sent out to search for us, therefore we might now safely begin to knock and call, without the fear of being surprised by them. On the other hand, however, there was no great likelihood that anybody would hear us, for the drawing-room was situated a long way off, and the shutters were now tightly closed.

The very first blow I dealt against the door, the fowls began to flutter up, and I was forced instantly to desist. Again we were obliged to resign ourselves to patience. The servants must return home some time or other, and we would then surrender at discretion. Thus we waited another hour, when I suddenly heard light steps hurrying past.

“Halloa!” I cried, as loud as I could. The individual stood still: again I roared, “Halloa,” which was answered by a—

“Where?”—it was Corpus Juris’s voice.

“Here, here,” I cried.

“But where, where?” he exclaimed in return.

“Here, here is the hen-house!”

“In the hen-h——!” but before Corpus Juris could finish his exclamation of astonishment, he had reached the door, forced it open in haste, and out I rushed like a dead man—

no, I meant to say, like one not dead, but springing out of his coffin on its being reopened.

"But where—where is Andrea Margrethé?" asked Corpus Juris in dismay.

"Yonder," I replied, as Andrea Margrethé, who had shrank a little behind, now stepped forward. But what could have been the matter with Corpus Juris? At first I feared he had taken leave of his senses—he had very nearly cast himself upon his knees before her, as he seized her hands, pressed them, and commenced a string of disjointed sentences, a word of which here and there I could only catch, as :—ice—skating—holes—drowned ; etc. etc. Thus he drew us after him, without our being able to understand what he really meant, until we reached the drawing-room. Here the clergyman was walking up and down the room with his hands behind his

back, in evident anxiety, like a person who is waiting for something. His wife and Emmy stood apart, near the window that looked out into the garden. They had drawn up the blinds, and opened the shutters, and seemed to be eagerly searching for some one.

“Here they are!” cried Corpus Juris, triumphantly, while he dragged us in after him as a conquering hero would show his captured enemies.

“Where do you come from?” asked the clergyman, in an angry tone.

“From the hen-house,” answered Corpus Juris with a self-satisfied air, as if it were his cleverness which had to be thanked for the discovery, though he never would have found us, if I had not roared out to him.

“From the hen-house!” exclaimed the parson; “and what——;” further he did not get, for his wife was beside herself with joy



at seeing us again, and even Emmy seemed to have been greatly moved—at any rate, I beheld a tear glistening in her large beautiful eyes.

If, however, the others were astonished to learn where we had been, our surprise was not less to find them in such a state of agitation. Not until the clergyman's wife had embraced us four or five times, and had given vent to her first delight at our being restored to them,—not until then did, by degrees, explanations follow as to what had taken place.

It seemed that Corpus Juris had speedily observed our absence, and expressed some anxiety, without the rest of the party troubling themselves much about it. But on half an hour elapsing, and our not coming back, the others also began to wonder at it. Just then the clergyman came from his study, and not seeing us, asked after us without being

able to obtain any information. His wife suggested, that perhaps we had gone to take a walk together, although the clergyman declared that it was a strange time to choose for walking. They had called out into the garden, in the hope that we might possibly be there—but no answer had been returned to them. While various guesses were made as to where we probably could have gone, the unhappy idea suddenly struck the Old Man that we must have gone down to the fiord to skate. He remembered that we had said in the morning, how pleasant it would be to skate by moonlight; all at once he recollected the hole into which we had nearly been precipitated, and putting this and that together, he came to the conclusion, that some misfortune had happened. The clergyman declared that there was no danger, “they would be sure to turn up like a bad shilling.”

The Old Man, however, not being so easily satisfied, had gone down to the fiord to look after us. Not having found us, he had returned in great alarm—he was perfectly certain that we were drowned. The clergyman himself began now to get uneasy at our long absence, and therefore he had sent the servants out to search for us. That was the cause of the general marching forth, which we had heard when in our hiding-place. After having prosecuted their fruitless search down by the fiord for above an hour, Corpus Juris had hurried back to the Parsonage to see whether we had not by chance returned. It was then that we had screamed to him, and were thus found.

Just as the clergyman's wife and Corpus Juris had related so far, the door was thrown open, and the Old Man entered. But what a sight he was ! From head to foot he was

covered with earth and dust, mingled with large lumps of snow, which were beginning to melt, and trickled down his person, like diminutive mountain rills. His face was also besmeared with gravel and dirt, and there was a gash on his brow, from which the blood ran down over his high cheek-bones. I stood mute with horror at this sight, but no sooner had the Old Man clapped eyes upon me, than he rushed towards me, and embraced me with such fervour, that he did not relax his hold of me until I had become an exact picture of himself. Then he flew across to Andrea Margrethé, but, happily, the clergyman arrested his steps, saying that she would prefer receiving his congratulations at a distance. Now for the first time, the Old Man became aware what a figure he was. He related to us, that after they had sought in vain for us down at the beach, he was thoroughly con-

vinced that we had been lost, and, out of his mind with grief and despair, he had run back to the Parsonage ; on the road he had stumbled and fallen into a deep ditch, where for a few seconds he had lain unconscious. When he rose again, he had run on until he had reached the house, and found us both safe there.

The Old Man and I stood staring at each other. It was difficult to say which of us looked the worst.

“ See, there stands the original,” cried the parson, pointing to the Old Man, “ and yonder the copy,” pointing to me. “ The resemblance is striking ; it is a thousand pities that the art of printing has been already discovered, or else it would have fallen to your lot to have made the world acquainted with this glorious invention.”

Meanwhile the clergyman's wife had

fetched vinegar and water, with which to bathe the Old Man's brow, and the wound was found to be but trifling. Then we both proceeded to our own rooms to change our clothes. It was fortunate that I was able to help the Old Man in this operation, for he was still so agitated, that he could scarcely collect his senses. The first thing he wanted to do, was to equip himself in Corpus Juris' clothes, and on my calling his attention to the mistake, he wanted to pull on his frock coat before his waistcoat; at length he was ready, and proceeded down stairs again. Then, having in all haste changed my garments, I lingered a moment. "Now is the time," I said to myself, the opportunity shall not be lost again. There was not a being who had yet the slightest inkling of our plan—our project had not been disclosed. It may be carried out at

once. I now know the localities thoroughly. I can hurry across the court-yard and take the cock, place it in Corpus Juris's chamber, and then go down without any one, not even Andrea Margrethé having an idea of suspicion. No sooner said than done: I rushed off to the hen-house, keeping a sharp look out on all sides lest Trofast, Neils, or the clergyman might happen to be in the neighbourhood, opened the door, took particular care not again to tread upon the ducks, and happily succeeded in seizing hold of the cock. Then back again I hastened to Corpus Juris's room. In it there was a large clothes press, which almost reached the ceiling: on the top of it I could best conceal the cock. The space was, however, rather confined, so I pressed down the head of the cock a little, and by that means I was able to stow it away up there. It could not of

course have been very comfortable, but a cock need not after all be so particularly comfortably lodged, it would awaken and gladden Corpus Juris all the earlier with its matitudinal tones. When I came down stairs again I found the family at the supper table.

“ Well, Nicolai,” said the clergyman, addressing me ; “ may I not now be informed what you wanted yonder in the hen-house ? ”

I never contemplated being submitted to a second examination with respect to what we had been about, and therefore had not previously reflected upon an answer. I was obliged now to get out of the dilemma as best I could, but I was not very successful, and I am perfectly aware that my statement was most incoherent and absurd.

“ Indeed,” said the clergyman when at last I had finished, “ and do you believe that



you can humbug me by such a story? Nay, my young friend, I quite understand what is at the bottom of it. You are a Don Juan, a downright Don Juan, though it is shocking to think of one so young in years being so completely depraved! Yesterday you attempted to murder the father, to-day you keep a nocturnal rendezvous with the daughter in the hen-house; the best thing that can be done, is to put an end to all this at once, and without further delay, immediately, on the spot, engage yourself to Andrea Margrethé."

I was as satisfied with this sentence as the eel, which was condemned to be drowned by Molboerne. What Andrea Margrethé thought about it, I could not quite make out. She was busily occupied with the tea-urn, and seemed to have forgotten everything but it. Her countenance did not

express any unwillingness, nor yet approbation of what the clergyman had said. Nevertheless, I fancied myself capable of divining these runic characters : her opinion was indubitably the same now, as it had been in the morning, when her father hinted at the same subject. It can't take place at present, but in three or four years, when Nicolai has passed his Embedsexamen, then he can speak in earnest about it.

## CHAPTER IX.

CORPUS JURIS was suddenly seized with the desire to take a walk. This was another of the remarkable changes which had taken place in Corpus Juris. At home, in Copenhagen, he had rarely any inclination to walk ; during the most charming sunny weather he would remain at home, lying on the sofa reading a novel, while the Old Man and I marched through the Lange Linie and round by Frederiksberg, and only after much persuasion, could we sometimes induce him

to accompany us. Here at Nöddebo, however, he is always wanting to go out to walk every second—I considered it an absurd time to choose just then, it was past eight o'clock, and I should have thought, that he had had walking enough when he was down at the fiord searching for us. The Old Man was quite satisfied with the walking he had had; Andrea Margrethé, on the other hand, chimed in with *Corpus Juris*.

“Where shall we go?” I asked, ready to set off as soon as I found that Andrea Margrethé was anxious to go.

“We will go to the churchyard,” she replied.

“What are we to do in the churchyard?”

“It is so beautiful in the moonlight, besides we may see some ghosts there.”

“Can you see ghosts?” I asked; “I have never been so fortunate.”

"But I was born on a Sunday," answered Andrea Margrethé, "therefore I can see ghosts and sprites."

"Look at yourself in the glass, and you'll behold a sprite without going further," said her father.

"Now shall we start?" asked Corpus Juris, after having left the room and returned with Andrea Margrethé's cloak and hat.

"Are not you going with us, Emmy?" exclaimed Andrea Margrethé.

"I don't exactly know. Are you going, Christopher?"

"I am tired," answered the Old Man; "I would rather remain here with your parents."

"Christopher is a good fellow," said the clergyman, "he is mindful of us old people; the rest of you think of nothing else but gadding about amusing yourselves — we

older ones may sit at home and weary ourselves."

Emmy declared that she would also stay at home.

"Pray do not put yourself out," said the clergyman; "go with the others, you doubtless prefer doing that."

It did not appear however, that Emmy did prefer to go. She quietly seated herself by the Old Man's side, and was about to begin sewing; and it was not until Andrea Margrethé declared, if Emmy did not go, she would not either, that with the help of Corpus Juris's and my persuasion, Emmy was induced to accompany us.

I hurried across the room to offer Andrea Margrethé my arm, but Corpus Juris forestalled me, I was therefore obliged to follow with Emmy, and I had no cause to regret the exchange. I had scarcely spoken to

Emmy the whole day, therefore I took advantage of this opportunity, to make up for the omission. The snow crackled beneath our feet, it was bitterly cold ; but at Emmy's side I soon forgot ice, cold, and snow. Her conversation was mild and calm, it was a faithful delineation of her thoughts, which were as fine and beautiful as the clear, white moonbeams. Everything about which she spoke, raised one, as it were, to a brighter and more glorious world ; it would appear as if she understood the art of diffusing harmony around, before which discord, dissension, and strife vanished away. Much that had not hitherto attracted my attention, she presented to my view in such a manner, that I suddenly saw it in quite a new light. As a skilful jeweller knows how to appreciate a precious stone, which the uninitiated would take for an insignificant, worthless pebble,

so she knew at once how to appreciate every good and amiable quality in individuals, while others could perceive nothing unusual in them. Among other topics we happened to get upon the subject of the Old Man, and I was greatly astonished to hear with what warmth and affection she spoke of him. I had always felt a certain amount of reserve towards the Old Man, the cause of which, I did not know, and had never taken the trouble of enquiring into.

The Old Man was my brother, and I was much attached to him, but I had never expected anything wonderful of him. It was quite the contrary with Emmy, she almost looked upon the Old Man as a sort of superior being. She could not praise sufficiently his peculiar appreciation of everything beautiful and grand, his vast intelligence, the nobleness of his heart, ever ready



to sympathize with others in their need and sorrow. I answered to this, that without wishing to undervalue the Old Man, I must say, that he principally lived in his own dreams, and did not seem to trouble himself much about the world around him.

“And you actually assert this?” replied Emmy, with a warmth I had never before observed in her; “you, who, even this very day, had a proof of his affectionate anxiety about yourself.”

“In what respect?” I asked.

“Have you forgotten already what misery he endured this evening on your account? You ought to have seen how anxious he was when you were not to be found; how—but you saw yourself, when he did come back, that he had fallen and hurt himself, though he paid no attention to that, so entirely absorbed was he in thinking of you;

and then his joy at seeing you again, do you count all this as nothing ?”

“Oh, that was an unusual occasion,” I replied ; “he fancied I was drowned ; it was not so wonderful, therefore, that he was glad to find me alive. I should have done the same in his place, without considering that I deserved any particular praise. You should see him in every-day life ; he is sometimes for whole hours absorbed in himself, without uttering a single syllable.”

“Are they always the best men who talk the most ? Do you believe that those who talk most can retain most ?”

“I do not exactly believe that, but I assert, however, that people might occasionally converse together in a friendly manner, and that it is not at all necessary to be so awfully profound, or else people might stand a chance of not exchanging a word the live-

long day. If there really be so much in him as you seem to fancy, why does he not impart to others a portion of his great wisdom? As long as he keeps it to himself, it is nothing but a dead treasure."

"Have you ever asked him any questions and he has refused to answer them? Have you ever commenced a conversation with him, and he has sent you away angrily?"

I almost began to fear that I had offended Emmy. I never had intended to have made such a decided attack upon the Old Man, but in consequence of the spirit of contradiction which lurks in us men, we can never hear another lauded to any considerable extent without instantly feeling, as it were, challenged to bring to light their unfavourable qualities, and we often dwell more upon them than we had originally contemplated doing.

Meanwhile, we had reached the churchyard, and had gone once or twice round it, without, in the heat of the conversation, my having paid any attention to it. Suddenly I stood still and looked around me, and Emmy, who probably feared that she had been too warm, also stopped. The church, which by daylight was rather insignificant, appeared to have grown in the moonlight. Its white walls, which reflected back the pale moonbeams, assumed, as it were, a spiritual aspect. All around graves lay side by side, covered by white snow ; not a blade of grass was to be seen, not a bird was to be heard ; here grim Death had reared its throne ; all was chill, dead, and silent. It came with a jarring contrast suddenly to hear laughter and loud talking ; it was Corpus Juris and Andrea Margrethé, who had likewise gone round the churchyard,

and were now approaching us. They were disputing eagerly, but quite amicably, for they laughed just as much as they talked. Gradually as they came nearer, we could better understand what they were saying.

"She was quite right there," persisted Andrea Margrethé; "I would have done the same in her place."

"What?" I ventured to ask, as at that moment they reached us.

"Frederick has just been telling me of a young and pretty daughter of a knight, who lived in an ancient castle on the other side of the fiord, who said 'No' to seven suitors."

"Why did she do that?"

"You don't suppose that she would, without further ceremony, say 'Yes' to the first that presented himself. I would have done the same in her place."

"Indeed," I said, and was then silent for a while; presently, however, I asked, "do you know the song of Roselil and her mother?"

"Of course I do," replied Andrea Margrethé, without suspecting what I wanted.

"Will you be so good as to sing it for us?"

"Most willingly," answered Andrea Margrethé, much surprised at this sudden request. It was not until she came to the conclusion of the song, and I into the bargain, had the boldness to join in: "Roselil turned as red as trickling blood"—not until then did she understand what I meant. However, she did not stop, but sang the verses calmly to the end, then she said to me: "Of course you like Mr. Peter very much?"

"Yes," I answered without reflection.

"I can fancy so ; but do you happen also to know the song of ' Poor Peter ? ' "

" No, I do not know it."

" Well, I will sing that for you too," and she began accordingly as follows :—

*" Der Hans und die Greté tanzen herum,  
Und jauchzen vor lauter Freude.  
Der Peter steht so still und stumm  
Und est so blasz wir Kreide.*

*Der Hans und die Greté sind Bräutigum und Braut  
Und blitzen im Hochzeitsgeschmeide.  
Der arme Peter die Nägel Kaut  
Und geht im Werkellagskeide."*\*

And she turned round towards me and said, " What do you think of Mr. Peter ? "

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\* " Hans and Greté joining hands,  
Dance round with merry talk,  
While still and mute poor Peter stands,  
And is as pale as chalk.

Hans and Greté are bridegroom and bride—  
In wedding finery arrayed—  
Poor Peter bites his nails aside,  
His working clothes alone displayed."

“I do not think much of Peter.”

“Take care you are not served in the same manner. Come, let us go home,” she said, addressing Corpus Juris, and they set off briskly towards the house.

I remained standing, ruminating over what Andrea Margrethé had said to me. What could she have meant by this speech? Was it a warning, that I should take care and not press forward too boldly, or was it an encouragement to speak out, while there was yet time, that I might not afterwards have to repent my silence? This enigma it was impossible for one to solve; however, at that moment I felt a certain amount of bitterness towards Andrea Margrethé, because she whom I had hitherto considered so open and honest, appeared merely to care to listen to those whose conversation was sprinkled with flattery.



"Had we not better go home too?" asked Emmy. The sound of that gentle voice calmed down my ruffled feelings. Here, I thought to myself, here by my side stands at any rate one who is single-hearted—who does not delight in deceitful conversation, but whose words are as clear and pure as her thoughts.

"See you have fallen into thought yourself, and are lost in your own dreams," said Emmy to me; "and yet this was what you were complaining of Christopher for."

What could the Old Man have to fall into thought about? If a person had such a riddle to solve as had just been put to me, it was not astonishing that one should ponder over it till one was almost turned into a stone. That such a calamity did not happen to me, I have to thank Emmy's charming, soothing conversation.

When we approached the Parsonage, we perceived Andrea Margrethé and Corpus Juris peeping into the windows of the drawing-room. We also joined them, and saw the clergyman, his wife, and the Old Man sitting in the room round a large punch bowl. "*Edite, bibite collegiales!*" the clergyman sung out to us, and lifting his brimming glass in the air, he shouted to us—"See this is how good children fare, who remain peaceably at home; they get punch to drink, while the naughty ones stand outside with dry throats. Just look how unhappy Nicolai seems; well, we will have compassion upon you, and take you into favour. Come in with you, and you shall taste the good things of the country!"

In we went, and all took our seats round the punch-bowl.

"Does not the punch taste nice? I pre-

pared it myself," said Andrea Margrethé to me.

"Excellent!" I answered with inward joy, not at the superiority of the punch, but because, by Andrea Margrethé's words, I could perceive that there was no ill will between us—on the contrary, that we were again as good friends as ever.

The worthy pastor was also in high spirits. He narrated old adventures of his student days. I sat in perfect ecstasy listening and thinking. "Ah, yes, these were good old happy times for those who lived in them!"

Andrea Margrethé was the one who first interrupted the clergyman. She had no great sympathy for the good old days, and doubtless this was not the first time that she had heard these stories; she proposed that we should conjointly write a letter in rhyme.

"That is as much as to say," exclaimed

the parson, "that I am to write the rhyming epistle, for the rest of you are accustomed, on such occasions, to hold your tongues."

"Christopher writes verses very well," said Emmy; "he has lately shown me some of his poems."

"Frederick can also rhyme," added Andrea Margrethé; "so that you will have help enough, if only you will begin first."

"What shall we write about?" asked the clergyman.

It was difficult to find a theme: one person suggested this, another that, but the subjects proposed were rejected in succession. At length the clergyman said—"Now I have found a theme that is worthy of being sung. We will write a letter in verse to Nicolai's father, to inform him of Nicolai's betrothal to Andrea Margrethé; it will, I

am sure, rejoice him to hear what advancement his son has made out here."

This subject was not to Andrea Margrethé's taste, but she was forced to give way. The parson commanded universal silence, that we might become inspired. I brought pen and paper, and was appointed secretary, for, as the clergyman declared, "I was, of course, far too agitated to be able to express my thoughts."

A few minutes of profound silence ensued, during which I had ample time to examine the various countenances around. The mother and two daughters were occupied with their work, and did not appear to be going to take any active part in the authorship. The clergyman sat with an air of deep thought, and blew one thick cloud of smoke from his pipe after another, until at length he seemed to me, like a

large steam engine, labouring and labouring to manufacture verses.

Corpus Juris sat with his head supported by his two hands, looking hard at Andrea Margrethé, as if the sight of her would inspire him. There was nothing particularly remarkable about the Old Man ; he sat just as usual with a certain dreamy expression in his eyes, so that I fancied he had fallen into a brown study, and had clean forgotten the whole affair. But this time I was wronging him, for after all he was the first to begin—"Write, Nicolai," he said to me, and he commenced to dictate—

"Collected here in rhyme, we send  
The news we have to give thee, friend.  
Our song will dwell much on the heart,  
Which plays in it the leading part.  
Two loving hearts . . . . .  
Two loving hearts . . . . ."

"How provoking ! I cannot find words to

finish my lines," cried the Old Man, as he in vain sought for a decent conclusion to his verse.

"Then Nicolai can write thus," said the pastor—

"Two loving hearts which did nothing but long,  
Have suddenly found to whom they belong."

The Old Man was not at all pleased with this conclusion, but all inspiration had flown from him, and he was incapable of arranging anything better; therefore the pastor's lines were obliged to be left.

For a short while we all sat quiet again, then the clergyman said, "Write Nicolai—

"His faults are many,  
And sad to unfold—  
His virtues, if any,  
Are easily told;  
His soul is as black  
As his eyes d'ye see—  
And too surely alack,  
A Laban is he!"

I had scarcely put a full stop, when Corpus Juris cried—"Write, Nicolai!" and he dictated so fast, that I could hardly follow him—

"But her virtues excel  
All that can be said;  
And no fault can well  
To her charge be laid.  
Like diamonds bright  
Are her mind and her eyes,  
Surpassing in light  
The soft summer skies."

Andrea Margrethé bent over the needle-work and sewed so eagerly, that I was astonished she did not prick her fingers; the clergyman, however, exclaimed—

"Bless me, just look at the lawyer, away he gallops, when once he gets a start. I never would have believed it. Of course, however, the most part of it was a plagiarism on my lines."

"I beg your pardon," cried Corpus Juris



warmly. "It is by no means a plagiarism; the form was perhaps the same, but the substance was different, and it is not the form, but the substance, that is of consequence."

"Marry on us, I am silenced," said the clergyman, "for goodness' sake don't involve me in a law suit, and oblige me to quit my house and home. Your verses were bran new, and mine were the ones which were a plagiarism on yours: does this arrangement satisfy you?"

"But you have been far too severe upon Nicolai," said the wife. "You must alter that verse."

"Nay, faith, I won't do that," answered the parson. "Nicolai is an infamous fellow, who ought to be painted in even blacker colours. Such a Don Juan at eighteen years of age—it is shocking. But who will continue?"

“Now it is your turn to give us something,” said Corpus Juris, slightly bowing to the clergyman’s wife.

“Yes, let mother produce some lines,” said the parson : “no doubt hers will be the best of the lot—then we will bring the epistle to a happy conclusion.”

His wife would not agree for some time, but Corpus Juris pressed her so much, that she began at first very timidly, but afterwards more confidently :

“We know how anxious you must be  
The young lovers’ names to hear ;  
So tracing them for you to see,  
Of your approval have no fear  
Miss Andrea fair is the bride that is won.”

Here her husband suddenly interrupted her with :

“And no other the Laban than your own son.”

All the wife’s remonstrances were of no

avail; the parson declared, backed by Corpus Juris, that that ending should remain, and wanted to take possession of the letter, to post it the next day. "I'll be bound your father will be very much pleased, when he hears this piece of news," said the clergyman.

I kept hold of the letter, however, insisting that it must be copied again, for the present production was far too indistinctly written to be sent. Under this pretext, I deposited the letter in my pocket-book, with the secret determination, that it never should go farther—perhaps, however, one with the same contents, but in another form.

## CHAPTER X.

THIS evening we did not sit up long, in order not to disturb the clergyman's night's rest; we remained but a short time together after the clergyman had left us, and then we separated. Corpus Juris having still something to say to Andrea Margrethé, I hastened on to his room, to see if the cock were yet there—yes, it was sitting quite comfortably and quietly sleeping, without anyone being able to suspect its presence: early to-morrow morning however—what a

scene there will be, when it begins to crow and Corpus Juris to scold.

I had not slept very long, before I woke again ; my blood was in a perfect whirl, and my thoughts not less so—my mind would dwell upon the letter in rhyme, which we had written. I was not quite sure, whether the clergyman had spoken in jest or in earnest, for his countenance had not changed in the least. Could he possibly have meant nothing more with that letter than a mere joke? Might it not rather have been intended as a private hint to me not to be timid? if I could only go boldly forward, I might yet come off the victor. I reviewed in memory every thing that the clergyman had said that evening, and I was more and more strengthened in my determination. “ I will wait four or five years, until I have passed my examinations,” I thought the

evening before ; “ but why should I wait so long ? Because the Old Man had said so. But was the Old Man infallible in his opinions and judgment ? There were assuredly many persons, who had engaged themselves at the same age as myself, and had yet been most happy husbands. Can any age be set down, at which a man should marry ? Four or five years, that was a long time to which to look forward : who knows what might not happen meanwhile ? Might not another forestal me ? Yes, that other might make his appearance before half the year were out, within a month perhaps, leaving me to deplore, all my life long, my imprudence at having let the favourable opportunity slip, without speaking. For, that this was the right time to speak, was as clear as possible : had not Andrea Margrethé herself told me, that I

ought to mind I did not fare like poor Peter. When I reflected upon her whole conduct, we, who had but lately not suspected each other's existence, had in the course of two days become so intimately acquainted, that we seemed like brother and sister—what else could she have meant by that speech, than that I should avail myself of the time, and not play the second fiddle like poor Peter. Perhaps, however, I had better wait a little and think it over well, whether it would not be necessary to draw back for a while. No, no, a true lover never thinks of drawing back, he casts every obstacle behind him and hastens forward, to conquer or to die!”

I could not remain quiet, so I sprang out of my bed and went and opened the window. I looked up to the calm, clear sky studded with stars, and again my old doubts

returned. The Old Man had said that it was the greatest folly to engage oneself as a student. I had always hitherto followed the Old Man's advice, and found it was good; why should I not do so now? At that moment a large, splendid falling star shot down: "No, no," I said to myself, "I must not doubt and fear; that falling star is a sign that my wishes shall be fulfilled; go forward boldly, and trust to your good luck."

Doubtless I uttered these last words aloud, for Corpus Juris called out to me, "What is the matter, Nicolai? Are you talking in your sleep?" And on sitting up and seeing me standing at the open window, he began to scold and upbraid me severely for my imprudence. The Old Man now began to stir. "Nicolai, Nicolai, what are you doing?" and on perceiving me at the



open window, he cried, "What, have you taken leave of your senses? At an open window in the middle of the night at Christmas time, without being dressed? Go back to your bed instantly; you may catch cold and get ill, and bring on some chest complaint."

"Or typhus, or ague," added Corpus Juris, "and infect the whole house; go immediately to your bed, do you hear?"

So I was obliged to shut the window and return to my couch. Not long after I could hear the Old Man's and Corpus Juris's deep-drawn breaths, from which I concluded that they had both fallen asleep again.

"And I would actually follow such a man's advice!" said I to myself; "a man who can think of catching cold and falling ill, what can he understand about love matters? This, however, is the conse-

quence of remaining an old bachelor; one only thinks of chest complaints, typhus, and ague—such two arrant Philistines.” And at that moment I was so excited, and so exceedingly angry with the Old Man and Corpus Juris, that I was very nearly tempted to bring on myself a typhus fever or the ague, merely to have the pleasure of giving it to them. A natural train of ideas brought the cock into my mind, which I had secreted in Corpus Juris’s room; “he will be very much annoyed about it, I know; and even the Old Man is quite capable of being fretful.” These thoughts had a soothing effect upon me, and I again fell asleep. Some time after I awoke, what I was thinking of when I went to sleep being still uppermost in my mind—the cock. I was astonished that I had not heard a sound from it yet; it must surely soon be morn-

ing. I took my watch down, and felt its face; it was about six o'clock. What a horridly sleepy cock that was, not to have crowed yet! or could it have crowed while I was myself asleep, without my having heard it? No, that was impossible. Perhaps it had, after all, taken itself off. Nay, that could not be, for the doors leading to the passage were shut. I was obliged to get up and see how matters really were. I rose and stole softly across the floor into Corpus Juris's room, and stretched up my hand to the top of the large press: sure enough, the cock was sitting there. I gave it a little thump, in order to wake it, but just then Corpus Juris began to stir in his bed, so I hurried back, lest he might wake and see me. Then I lay quite quietly waiting for the cock to commence crowing. There was not the slightest signs of its

doing so. One could almost be tempted to believe that the cock had been to some Christmas carousal the night before, and was now peaceably sleeping himself sober again. As I lay speculating in my own mind how this remarkable silence could be accounted for, and what could be the reason of it, I fell asleep again.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, the sun was shining cheerfully into my window. I jumped up and rubbed my eyes, my first thought, as usual, the cock, the cock. I looked into Corpus Juris's room—the bed was empty. I glanced into the Old Man's chamber—the same state of affairs there. It was most remarkable indeed ; I must have the matter explained ; and with one spring I bounded into Corpus Juris's room ; the cock was still sitting up there. " You impudent animal," I cried, as I stretched up and took

it down, "how dare you sleep so?" I paused in horror; its wings and head hung flapping down—it was dead. In vain I shook it; in vain I turned it on all sides and all ways; it was, and remained dead.

Suddenly it occurred to me that the previous evening I had been obliged to give the creature a slight pressure on the head to enable it to be stowed away; that pressure had probably been too strong for it, and had killed it. I dropped the cock upon the floor, and abandoned myself to reflections of a by no means pleasant nature. Although I was very much pained at the idea of the unfortunate cock falling a victim to my imprudence, still I consoled myself that it had unquestionably died a speedy death, and that, at any rate, its fate would not have been to have died a natural death. It was the clergyman's favourite bird, I knew; I

wondered what he would say to its death, and which would be the best way of my informing him what had happened. It would be extremely disagreeable, when a man wanted to come forward as a lover and suitor, to have to beg pardon like a mischievous schoolboy who had played some foolish prank. One moment I thought whether it would not be better to admit the whole boldly ; for example, when the clergyman asked where the cock could be, to reply in a light, off-hand tone, " Oh, I have had the misfortune to kill it." However, I gave up that plan, for I felt that it was impossible for me to carry it through, particularly if Emmy or Andrea Margrethé were present. But I could not improve matters by standing there, so I pushed the cock to one side, and went down stairs, in the hope that something might turn up in my favour.

When I entered the sitting-room, I found it empty, there was no one there. The tea-urn was standing upon the table, still hissing, though getting off the boil. I soon perceived that all had finished their breakfasts, and had probably gone out to take a walk. I therefore poured out a cup of tea for myself, and seated myself upon the sofa. Just then the door opened, and Andrea Margrethé entered with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes ; she looked as fresh and as soft as the early morning.

“ Good morning, Nicolai,” she said ; “ how atrocious of you to sleep so long to-day.”

“ Oh, yes,” I answered curtly, as I stirred my cup with my tea-spoon.

“ Frederick and I have had a charming walk together,” continued Andrea Margrethé.

This piece of information was by no means

calculated to put me in a better humour, so I merely answered shortly "indeed!"

" 'Oh, yes'—and 'indeed!' what does this mean?" demanded Andrea Margrethé. "You are in a bad temper to-day; has anything gone amiss with you?"

She said this last sentence in such a sympathizing tone, that I gathered all my courage to tell her what had happened.

"Oh, dear! it is most unfortunate—most unfortunate," said Andrea Margrethé, looking perplexed; "how I wish you had not done it."

"Do you think your father will be very angry?"

"He won't be angry, but he will become very gloomy; and that is so tiresome for us."

"Perhaps it would be best for me to confess the whole to him at once," I muttered.

"No, don't do that," said Andrea Mar-



grethé eagerly, "it will put him quite out of humour. No, let us rather wait, we may, perhaps, find some other expedient;" and she put up her fingers to her chin, and looked exceedingly thoughtful. "An idea has just occurred to me," she continued a short while after. "Our neighbour has a cock that is very like that poor thing, though it is rather smaller; perhaps we might borrow it."

"What good would that do—it would only give us a short respite."

"It would help us a great deal, for my father is rather short-sighted, and will not notice the difference; we could then at least wait until you go back to Copenhagen before we told him the true state of the case."

"Any how, he would, after all, be in a bad humour," I replied.

"Oh, that would be of no consequence, for we would then be alone with him; be-

sides, I should soon coax him out of it again.” So saying Andrea Margrethé set off to borrow the neighbour’s cock. She speedily returned with it, and put it out into the yard, where it strutted up and down, flapped its wings, and crowed, exactly as the old cock had done.

Presently in came the clergyman, followed by his wife and Corpus Juris; soon after the Old Man and Emmy also made their appearance. I was not altogether pleased to see the old party assembled, for I was fearful lest my mishap might be discovered now, when all were present, and I should have to do public penance; if so, I might prepare myself for a long lecture from the Old Man, and to be heartily laughed at by Corpus Juris.

“ Good morning, sleepy head !” cried the parson, casting his cap, covered with hoar-

frost, into my face. "You understand thoroughly the art of sleeping, I perceive."

"Yes, I have slept capitally," I answered, leisurely stretching myself, as I lolled back on the sofa.

"*Have* slept!" repeated the clergyman; "I do believe you might as correctly make use of the present tense. Well, what mischief do you propose to be after to-day?"

"I should like uncommonly to have a smoke of tobacco," I answered immediately, for I began greatly to fear that Andrea Margrethé's plan would not, after all, succeed; therefore I preferred to get the clergyman into his own study, that I might confess all to him in private, rather than to be forced to do so in the drawing-room.

"Tobacco? ah, that is a most profitable occupation—come along with me then." So saying, the clergyman went towards the

door, while I sprang up quickly to follow him. But just as he laid his hand upon the handle of the door, he stopped suddenly, and looked attentively out of the window.

"How strange it is about that cock—it seems as if it had grown smaller since yesterday."

"It appears so, because it is so far off; it is at the other end of the yard, that is the reason it looks so small," Andrea Margrethé hastened to say; but I could see by her face that she was fighting a hard battle with herself to prevent herself from laughing.

"What nonsense that is," replied the parson. "Come, mother, and see, has not the cock got smaller since yesterday? I tell you what, Nicolai," he continued abruptly, turning round to me, "you must surely have eaten a slice of the poor cock yesterday, when you were in the hen-house."

Andrea Margrethé could not contain herself any longer, but burst out into a fit of laughter.

“What is the meaning of all this?” asked the clergyman; so there was nothing left for me but to confess the truth.

“You are a terrible fellow, Nicolai,” said the clergyman, when I had ended my statement. “You won’t be satisfied until you have killed every man and beast in and about the Parsonage. It is best that you should go at once and get some tobacco, that I may be sure that you are not for a time, at least, engaged in some fresh mischief.”

I was heartily glad at the idea of escaping so cheaply, but the worst was yet to come. For, in the first instance, I had afterwards to listen to a long lecture from the Old Man, in which he set before me my duty towards animals. I was thoroughly aware of all this;

besides, I had not killed the cock on purpose. I considered it wisest, however, to hold my tongue, for otherwise the Old Man would have kept on longer. Corpus Juris's behaviour was much more intolerable. He overwhelmed me with a host of jeers and taunts for having killed the cock, for wishing to wake other people, and oversleeping myself.

Whenever I approached Andrea Margréthé, and was about to begin to speak to her, he was indefatigable in his witty attacks upon me. At length I became weary of listening to all this, and taking up my cap and overcoat, I strolled out into the fields. After having wandered about for some time, a new plan of vengeance against Corpus Juris occurred to me. I retraced my steps, and stole into his bedroom, took the lower boards out of his bed, and then put it all in order, plac-

ing the mattresses and over-bed so cleverly above again, that it was impossible to perceive that there was anything wrong. When Corpus Juris betakes himself to his bed, he will indubitably fall upon the floor. Having carried out this achievement, I went down stairs again to the others, and quietly bore all Corpus Juris's teasing, consoling myself with the idea that at night my turn would come to laugh, and he who laughs last laughs longest. Nevertheless, I was not in very good spirits the whole day. The plans over which I had been brooding the night before, again presented themselves to my mind, without my knowing how to carry them out. I became quite absent, and answered shortly when anyone spoke to me, which afforded Corpus Juris still greater opportunity of pelting me with his witty shafts. So I betook myself to the churchyard to

obtain some peace ; there I had quiet enough to reflect as much as I pleased, and I needed this, for they were important matters about which I had to think. My thoughts were like the troubled ocean, when one dashing billow follows the other, increasing always in size, the last more tremendous than the rest.

The sun, which hitherto had shone clearly and cheerfully, had gradually disappeared behind some clouds, causing a dark, sad shadow to be cast over everything. "Possibly the sun may also have something to think about," I muttered to myself, "and, like my thoughts, remain shrouded in mist." It would appear as if the sun had divined this conjecture, and wanted to prove to me my error, for suddenly it burst forth in all its splendour in the sky, casting its bright rays down upon the white church walls. At



that instant it seemed to me as if my own thoughts emancipated themselves from the mist of doubt into which they had been wrapped, for suddenly I recollected the following sentence in my book on elementary philosophy :—" *Every connexion entered into between man and woman ought, to answer his ideas, to spring from inclination, as well as being based on reasonable grounds.*" Now I had the proof, as clear as the sun, that I ought to engage myself to Andrea Margrethé.

For this connexion would be from inclination, because I really was in love with Andrea Margrethé ; and also it would be based on reasonable grounds, for Andrea Margrethé would make a capital clergyman's wife ; her management of the house proved that, as I had ascertained even in my first conversation with her. In this case, therefore, there being no obstacle, I ought to propose to

Andrea Margrethé, and if I ought to propose to her, I ought to do so at once: *quod erat demonstrandum*. It was just like as if a heavy stone had fallen from my heart, and I felt as free, and as happy, as a bird in the air, and as I returned through the garden back to the Parsonage, I sang lustily:—

“From land slowly steer—from land slowly steer,  
The maidens of Bergen will soon appear—  
Ohi—ohoi! ohi—ohoi!”

On entering the drawing room, I found Corpus Juris and the Old Man in a violent dispute. Emmy and Andrea Margrethé were sitting there silent listeners. They were arguing about Danish students, and the tone among them. They both agreed on one point, that the student's life was by no means what it ought to be, but in explaining the cause of this phenomenon, they disagreed in toto. The Old Man's opinion was, that the

students now-a-days were too much taken up with politics ; Corpus Juris, on the contrary, considered that the students were not sufficiently interested in politics. The Old Man proved the truth of his assertion by referring to those happy times, when, at the conclusion of the day's work, they assembled together like faithful brothers, free from party spirit or party hatred, and in the unrestrained warmth of youth, divested themselves of trivial sorrows and cares. Corpus Juris declared that those times were past, and never could be recalled ; the people had now awoke to the advantage of freedom, and it was the student's business to set forth and strengthen this feeling ; it was his duty to put himself foremost in the struggle, and not in a cowardly and indolent manner to hang back.

The dispute would have become personal

at this point, if Andrea Margrethé had not given it another turn by asking me my opinion.

"I say," I replied, "that the life among students is in every respect what it ought to be, and quite unexceptionable. I never join a student's party without meeting good friends and acquaintances, and amusing myself immensely."

"It does not require much penetration to observe that it is a freshman who is speaking," said Corpus Juris in a sneering tone of voice; "he sees everything in rose colour."

"Then all students would like to remain freshmen," I cried, somewhat exasperated; "but when a person is a peevish old"—bachelor, I was about to say, but was interrupted by Andrea Margrethé, who exclaimed that she was delighted I was so happy among

the students, but was I quite sure all went on smoothly among them?

"Yes, I am quite sure of it," I replied with the utmost eagerness, for I was beginning to get heated: "among the students dwell the pleasures and freshness of youth. The Danish student can do what he pleases," I added with marked emphasis, as I thought of the determination I had come to yonder, in the church-yard, and which had quieted me so much. The dispute had meanwhile been diverted from its original channel, and the conversation turned upon another subject.

Possibly some of my readers may be scandalized at the frequent disputes which occurred between us three brothers, and suppose that there was no great amount of brotherly affection among us. I must, however, mention that we did not mean to be ill-natured towards each other: it was some-

thing which belonged to our natures, which possibly we had inherited from our ancient forefathers, who had broken each other's bones before they could become stanch friends. Besides, these disputes were much more violent during our stay at Nöddebo Parsonage than they were at home. One would have expected, on the contrary, that the spirit of peace and love which reigned here would have communicated itself to us. It did not, however. The most blame, I do believe, ought to be attached to Corpus Juris ; he had become so irritable, that, say what one would, he always thought fit to contradict it. He seldom fell foul of the Old Man, for whom he cherished a certain amount of respect, but so much the more did he attack me, as I have already shown by examples.

After making this little apology, I will return again to my narrative.

In the afternoon, when we were sitting together in the drawing-room, the clergyman's wife, Emmy, and Andrea Margrethé engaged with their needlework, while the Old Man, Corpus Juris, and I were looking on at them, the parson entered the room, and proposed to me to have a game of chess.

I accepted his offer, though in my own mind I wondered why the clergyman had not as well asked Corpus Juris to play chess. Andrea Margrethé brought the chessboard and chessmen forward, and we sat down to play.

Unfortunately my thoughts were more with Andrea Margrethé than with the game, and the consequence was that I lost one piece after the other.

"I do think you are trying which can get rid of their pieces first," said the clergyman — "checkmate!"

In order to pretend that I had followed the game with some interest, I was obliged to demand my revenge. But I succeeded no better this time, and just as the parson was about to checkmate me, I unexpectedly upset my queen, and she rolled over down to the floor.

“Ah!” said the pastor, “are you going to begin to attack my unfortunate chessmen next. Bless me, you are never satisfied. An insatiable spirit of destruction seems to dwell in you—Christopher and Frederick, come and let us have a proper game of chess *en quatre*; I will play with the dummy.”

“Oh, please let me be the fourth person,” begged Andrea Margrethé.

“You,” said her father; “go and play a game at Slag Hanrei or Sortepeer \* with Nicolai—that will suit both of you better.”

\* Danish games at cards.



Andrea Margrethé persevered in her request, and was so warmly seconded by Corpus Juris, who was determined to have her for his partner, that the clergyman was at length forced to give way ; he and the Old Man were therefore partners, while Corpus Juris and Andrea Margrethé were their adversaries, but they had scarcely taken their seats when we heard a heavy carriage rolling through the gates.

END OF VOL. I.

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